







Wm. L. B. B. B.

SAMUEL HIDDEN.

Sam'l Hidden.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. SAMUEL HIDDEN.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.



BOSTON: 10
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER,
47 Washington Street.
1842.

F44

T15Hc

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1842,
BY E. C. COGSWELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of N. H.

Printed by A. Prescott, }
Gilmanton, N. H. }

TO
CHRISTIAN PASTORS

THIS MEMOIR

OF AN EMINENTLY DEVOUT AND FAITHFUL SERVANT
OF GOD, IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFEC-
TIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

tirement. The few scraps which have been found are deeply interesting, and must serve as a key to his whole character ; yet a knowledge of the feelings of his soul during the successive days of his long and eventful life, would now be highly gratifying. But incessantly engaged in active labors, he was compelled to *speak*, rather than *write*, the sentiments of his heart.

His correspondence also was limited, his letters generally being of a confidential character, so that few have been inserted entire and but few extracts made.

The brief extracts which are given from his sermons, though highly interesting, must fail to do him justice. They need the sparkle of his eye, his gushing tears and meltings of soul.

The likeness prefixed to the volume has been procured at great expense, the *minia-*

ture being first painted from a profile view and verbal representations. The task was difficult, but the result happy, though the picture is not in all respects perfect. The execution, however, both of the painting and engraving, is fine and in most respects strikingly conforms to the original.

If the perusal of the following pages shall afford the reader as much pleasure as the writer has experienced in composing them, his object will be obtained. The work was not undertaken with the expectation of reaping *pecuniary reward* or *literary applause*, the Author being conscious that the state of moneyed affairs would not warrant the former, nor his abilities the latter.

This memoir is a grateful and affectionate tribute to the memory of a universally beloved, faithful and humble servant of Christ, whose "name is still like a sweet savor

among the people of God." It is now commended to the candor of the virtuous with the devout hope, that it may conduce to their spiritual benefit and with humble prayer to Almighty God, that He would smile on the feeble effort of the Author and cause it to advance the glory of his great Name.

Gilmanton, May, 1842.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Early thirst for knowledge—
Bound as an apprentice—Youthful ardor—Leaves his
master—Enlists in the Army—Returns home—Enlists
again—Stillwater—White Plains—Measles—Enlists
again—War-song—Enlists as a Privateer, - - 17

CHAPTER II.

Goes to Gilmanton—Teaches school—Rev. Mr.
Smith—Visits Dartmouth College—Prepares for Col-
lege—Religious impressions—Conversion—Humility
—Industry—Testimony of President Wheelock—Pe-
cuniary anxiety—Elasticity of mind—Reliance on God
—Christian boldness—Donations—Graduates - 39

CHAPTER III.

Tamworth—Charter—First Family—Second—
White inhabitants—Their hardships—Scarcity of

bread—Wild animals—Sickness—Enterprise—Interest in Religion—Petition—Participation in the War—Interest in Education - - - - -	64
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hidden returns to Gilmanton—Studies Theology—State of his mind—Doctrine of Free Grace—Extract of Mr. Smith's letter—Licensed—Call—Arrives at Tamworth—First Sabbath—Simplicity of the people—Proposals for settlement—Accepts—Greatly beloved - - - - -	77
---	----

CHAPTER V.

The day of his ordination—Great Rock—The Council—Church formed—Controversy—Proceed to the ordination—Extracts from letters—First church meeting—The Sacrament—His marriage—Inter-course with his people—Meeting-house—Prayer-meeting—Revival - - - - -	96
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

Revival—Extract of a letter—Change in his salary—Missionary tour—Revivals—Spotted fever—Cold seasons—His interest in the sufferers - - -	121
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Revivals—Protracted meetings—His influence—Os- sipee—Sandwich - - - - -	143
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

His interest in education—Knowledge of the clas- sics—His interest in the young—His patriotism— Benevolence—Familiarity with others—Cheerful- ness - - - - -	174
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

His labors—Devotions—Writings—As a Speak- er - - - - -	211
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

His family—Letters—Strong faith—Interest in the cause of temperance—His social character—Let- ters - - - - -	240
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Retrospect—His illness—Triumphant death	283
Appendix - - - - -	326





MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Early thirst for knowledge—Bound as an apprentice—Youthful ardour—Leaves his master—Enlists in the Army—Returns home—Enlists again—Stillwater—White Plains—Measles—Enlists again—War song—Enlists as a Privateer.

SAMUEL HIDDEN, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Rowley, Essex County, Massachusetts, on the 22d day of February, 1760.

He was the son of Price and Eunice Hidden, formerly Eunice Hodgskin, whose children were Samuel, the subject of this memoir Mehitable, married to Mr. James Burnham of Manchester, Ms., Eunice, married to Mr.

William Clark, formerly of Beverly, Mass., afterwards removed to Tamworth; Mrs. Clark is still living in Bangor, Me.; Martha, married to Mr. Joseph Kilborne of Rowley, Ms., William Price, now living in Tamworth, Betsey and Jonathan, who died young, and Ephraim, who lived in Tamworth, and was drowned in Bearcamp river, 1824.

His father was by trade a Combmaker, and in indigent circumstances. His mother was a pious woman and early taught him the Assembly's Catechism and various parts of the Scriptures, the historical portions of which he read, when even a child, with great interest. He early discovered a strong desire for learning and improved every opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of those branches of English education then taught in common schools.

At the age of nine years, he was bound to an Inn keeper, who was also a shoemaker by trade, as an apprentice. He was found very adroit in dealing out *liquors* and in at-

tending to his master's interest. His master was an austere, avaricious man, and afforded him but few opportunities for mental improvement, and often required of him the labor of a man.

Samuel was of a sanguine temperament and lively imagination. He early laid plans for future greatness, and gave intimations to his master that he was not *always* to be under *his* control.

The country was new and far-reaching in every direction. The spirit of enterprise was widely diffused. Adventure was abroad, and he who *would, might* make a *fortune*. Besides, his chivalrous soul was animated with tales of valor. The ocean was infested with pirates and the Indians made depredations upon the frontiers. The marines were victorious and the militia were successful. His mind was ardent, bold. He longed for freedom. The confinement of the shop and bar ill suited his active temperament. He resolved to seek his fortune far

from the scenes of his childhood, but was prevented by the vigilance of his master and the tender advice of his mother. He felt bound to obey his parents in all things, and a sense of his obligation to them was a strong restraint upon his youthful passions.

The controversy between the colonies and England arising, confinement was insufferable. By the old militia law, every male inhabitant, from sixteen years old to sixty, was obliged to be provided with a musket and bayonet, knapsack, cartridge-box, one pound of powder, and twenty bullets and twelve flints. In time of peace, these requisitions were neglected, and the people in general were not completely furnished. Young Hidden entreated his master, at the age of fifteen, to procure him the above mentioned materials for service. Being refused, he determined to procure them for himself and by extra labor obtained means for purchasing them. He immediately showed them to his master, saying, "What

I have *earned* I can *use*. This shall make the British dogs howl." That enthusiastic patriotism which elevates the soul above all considerations of interest or danger had now become his ruling passion.

The year 1775, was the commencement of that struggle which resulted in the independence of the Colonies. The country was alive with the bustle of preparation, and in every countenance could be read the expectation of important transactions in which all must participate. Independent companies were formed ; voluntary trainings were frequent ; the old and the young, the rich and the poor devoted their hours of amusement and of leisure, to exercises calculated to fit them to act a part in the anticipated conflict.

None manifested greater zeal than young Hidden. He had now arrived at the age of sixteen. The whole country was in arms. Charlestown was in ashes and the Battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought ; the north-

ern frontier was awake to liberty ; the brave and generous Montgomery had fallen and disasters continued to discourage. But there was no hope of reconciliation. The last humble petition of Congress to the king had been presented ; but their petitions had been slighted ; their remonstrances had produced additional violence and insult ; their supplications had been disregarded ; and they had been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. ‘ They had done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which was coming on. And now an appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, was all that was left them. They felt that there was a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who would raise up friends to fight their battles for them. That the battle was not to the strong alone ; but to the vigilant, the active, the brave.’ Thus circumstanced, the famous Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted in Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, and

welcomed by the people with joy which was displayed by extraordinary public festivals. The watch word from Maine to Georgia, was "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this Declaration." Every man was ready to say with the patriotic John Adams, "All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment ; independence *now* ; and *independence forever !*"

While such was the feeling in the community generally, no wonder young Hidden burned with patriotic zeal and resolved to glory in the success of his country or die in her defeat. He frankly communicated to his master his resolution to leave him and fight for his bleeding country. "To deal out your liquors while others are dealing out their blood for freedom is ignominious," said he to his master who, at length finding

that the spirit of his apprentice was indomitable, unawed by threatenings and unseduced by promises, gave his reluctant consent.

Thus relieved from bondage he returned to his parents and found them in great need of his assistance. On leaving his master he had resolved to enter the army immediately, but finding his parents destitute of the comforts of life, brothers and sisters crying for bread, he changed his plans and hired with a man in his native town for six dollars per month, and expended his wages for corn at one dollar and fifty cents per bushel to support the family. In the winter he labored at shoe-making for the same wages and for the same object.

In May, 1777, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted under Captain Johnson of Andover, Massachusetts, whose father then commanded the regiment. He enlisted in this company of militia to serve two months. They forthwith marched to Bristol, Rhode Island.

Disaster had followed the American army

and reduced its number. But the brilliant victories gained by Washington, at Trenton and Princeton, raised from the lowest depression, the spirits of the American people, and many rallied around the standard of Washington.

The company in which young Hidden enlisted consisted of volunteers resolved on liberty or death. But as the seat of the war was now removed to the south of Rhode Island, they were not forced into any action with the enemy, and orders were issued to Col. Johnson to march with his regiment to Bennington, Vt. to join that portion of the army under Gen. Stark.

As Mr. Hidden's time of service for which he enlisted had expired he returned to Rowley; but as inactivity ill suited his nature, within four days of his return, he again enlisted under Captain Benjamin Adams of Rowley, in the same Col. Johnson's regiment, for four months.

The British were now concentrating a

large force about Lake Champlain, and Burgoyne with his army was at Fort Edward which General Schuylor had just evacuated. The American General, before leaving Fort Edward, issued a proclamation calling to his aid the militia of New-England and New-York. Aroused by the danger multitudes obeyed his call. "Vermont poured forth her daring Green Mountain boys ; the other States of New-England their hardy yeomanry, ardent in the cause of freedom ; New-York, her valiant sons indignant at the invasion of her territory, and determined to protect their property from pillage and destruction. These beset the invaders on every side, impeding their passage, cutting off their supplies, and fatiguing them by incessant attacks." Thus circumstanced, Burgoyne dispatched Colonel Baum with five hundred Hessians to seize the stores of provision at Bennington. With this detachment, General Stark with a party of New-Hampshire militia, fought a fierce

and sanguinary battle on the 16th of August, most of whom he either killed or took prisoners. The prisoners he immediately sent to Boston, whom Mr. Hidden on his march to Bennington met at Northampton.

This decisive victory diffused confidence and joy. The friends of independence, before depressed by disaster and defeat, were now animated by the prospect, which suddenly burst upon them, of a glorious victory over an arrogant and once dreaded enemy. Again crowds of militia flocked to the republican camp.

The company in which Mr. Hidden enlisted arrived at Bennington ; thence marched to Manchester, where General Warner took the command of the Brigade. From Manchester they marched to Powlet and joined Gen. St. Clair's division ; thence to Castleton ; thence to Hubbardton ; thence to Mount Independence, which is situated on the strait through which the waters of Lake George and East Bay flow into Lake

Champlain, in the north west part of the town of Orwell, in Rutland County, Vt., and opposite Ticonderoga. A vigorous attack was made upon the fort in which, Mr. Hidden bore his share of toil and suffering. He remained here five days, and then they returned to the head of the Lake by water. They arrived at Stillwater on the 6th of October, where Gen. Gates with Generals Lincoln and Arnold had advanced. Burgoyne on the 17th of September, encamped near the American army. He was daily putting his army into a more hazardous situation ; and it was determined that no exertion be wanting on the part of Americans to complete the ruin of his boasted enterprise.

On the 18th of September, the first battle of Stillwater was fought. Both armies fought with determined resolution. Night put an end to the conflict.

Burgoyne pressed on all sides, resolved on another battle. He made dispositions to

commence the action with the right wing of his army, Gen. Gates made a sudden and vigorous attack upon the left. This battle was furious, obstinate, and more bloody than the other. Toward night the British gave way. Darkness put an end to this action. Gen. Gates endeavoring to surround Burgoyne, the latter retreated to the heights of Saratoga pursued by the Americans. The situation of the British troops was now distressing in the extreme, and Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of his principal officers on the 17th of October, surrendered his whole army prisoners of war. During one of these battles Adjutant Simpson, father of Judge Simpson of New-Hampton, receiving a bullet near his eye fell into the arms of Mr. Hidden, and by him with the aid of others was carried from the field of battle.

Immediately after the surrender of Burgoyne's army, the regiment in which Mr. Hidden served, with others marched to Al-

bany. They performed a march of forty miles, and forded the Mohawk river, below the falls, in the space of fourteen hours. The design of this rapid movement was to check the progress of a detachment, commanded by the British General Clinton; who threatened Albany with the same destruction which he had spread in the country below; but on hearing the fate of Burgoyne, he returned quietly to New-York.

Finding that the enemy had departed Johnson's regiment proceeded to Newburgh, thence to Tarry Town by water, and thence to White Plains where Mr. Hidden was seized with the measles. The season was now inclement and he was thinly clad, and sometimes obliged to sleep on the earth with only a blanket for protection. Thus exposed he narrowly escaped death. From the effects of the measles he never entirely recovered. He lost in some measure the use of his limbs. He received all the attention it was possible to bestow under such

circumstances. He had greatly endeared himself to his comrades in arms as well as to his commanders. He was young, but bold. No danger could intimidate. He was fearless in battle and fought for liberty as for life. But when sickness visited him he felt the need of some friendly voice to cheer and some kind hand to assist. A mother's voice would then have sounded like music, and her presence been like an angel's visit. This was the first time he had longed for "sweet home." The stirring scenes of the camp and battle field had given him no time to think of the past. The present and the future absorbed his mind.

Remaining here a few days, and the time for which he enlisted having expired, he, with most of the company in which he served, returned home the last of November, feeble and suffering with hunger. He remained in Rowley, laboring to support his father's family during the following winter and spring of 1778. Count D'Esting hav-

ing arrived with a French fleet to co-operate with the American army, it was resolved to regain those posts in Rhode Island then occupied by the British. Gen. Sullivan was appointed to conduct the operations, who called upon the militia of New-England, to aid him in the enterprise. His army soon amounted to ten thousand men.

Mr. Hidden could not remain at home while others fought. In July, 1778, he again enlisted in Captain Jonathan Kortus' company in Col. Wade's regiment for four months, and immediately marched to Rhode Island. At Providence, he met the continental troops with Gens. Sullivan, LaFayette, Glover and Green. On the ninth of August, General Sullivan commenced the siege of Newport. But unsupported by the fleet, by an unforeseen event, he was obliged to withdraw, after several skirmishes and the loss of some men.

Col. Wade's regiment spent the rest of the four months in East Greenwich and

North Kingston. Mr. Hidden then returned and labored with Mr. William Price of Newburyport, to pay him a debt of his father's amounting to about one hundred dollars. He continued here two years, until 1781.

During this period, notwithstanding the stirring scenes of war, and the necessity of constant toil when at home, he did not neglect mental culture. He had improved every opportunity for acquiring the rudiments of the English language. He usually spent his evenings and sometimes entire nights in the study of the natural sciences and reading history. He gave much attention to vocal and instrumental music. He read with deep interest poetry which so well suited his lively imagination.

In the spring of 1781, he resolved again to enlist in his country's cause. Ships owned and manned by private individuals were commissioned by the States to seize the vessels of the British, and thus annoy their commerce. In one of these vessels he re-

solved to ship. The spirit which animated his youthful breast may be best perceived by the perusal of a "War Song," written by him just before leaving on this expedition, and dedicated to Miss Betsey Price, his cousin, afterwards wife.

A WAR SONG.

Come all ye sons of tempest sted, come hark to war's
alarm ;

Leave sports and plays and holidays, and hark away
to arms ;

A soldier is a gentleman, his honor is his life,
And he that won't stand by his post, will ne'er stand
by his wife.

For love and honor are the same or else so well allied,
That neither can exist alone, but flourish side by side ;
So fare ye well sweet-hearts awhile, ye smiling girls
adieu,

And when we have drove those *dogs* away, we'll kiss
it out with you.

'The spring is up, the winter's gone, the fields are
green and gay,

And all inviting honor calls, away my boys, away ;
To shady tents by cooling streams with hearts so firm
and free,

We'll toss the cares of life away, in songs of liberty.

No foreign king shall give us laws nor British tyrants
 reign,
For independence made us free, and independence
 we'll maintain ;
We'll charge our foes from post to post, attack their
 work and lines,
Or by some well laid stratagem, we'll make them all
 Burgoynes.

And when the wars are over, boys, then down we'll
 sit at ease ;
We'll plow, we'll sow, we'll reap, we'll mow and live
 just as we please,
Each hearty lad shall take his lass, all shining like a
 star,
And in her softer arms, forget the dangers of the war.

The rising world shall sing of us a thousand years to
 come,
And to their children's children tell the wonders we
 have done ;
Come honest fellows here's my hand, my heart, my
 very soul,
With all the songs of liberty, good fortune and the
 bowl.

He enlisted to serve on board the ship,
Pilgrim, commanded by Captain Robinson,
carrying eighteen nine pounders and one

hundred and thirty men, commissioned by the State of Massachusetts for eight months. This vessel sailed from Beverly, and in a few days fell in with the British Brig, Alfred, having sixteen guns and forty-one men, from Liverpool.

The action was commenced on the part of the Americans, and met with great obstinacy on the part of the British. After a struggle of one hour and a half, the British Brig surrendered and was sent into Salem. Mr. Hidden was sent in with the prize, though the Pilgrim continued on the ocean the time for which it was commissioned, and was successful in several encounters. A share of all the prizes he drew according to the regulations of such vessels.

On the 18th of October, Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington. The joy of the people at this intelligence was unbounded. 'To the Giver of all good, they united in rendering, with grateful hearts, thanksgiving and praise for the decisive victory

which he had enabled them to gain. From the nature and duration of the contest, the affections of many had been so concentrated upon their country, and so intense was their interest in its fate, that the news of this brilliant success produced the most rapturous emotion.' Early in the spring of 1782, pacific overtures were made to the American government, and both nations desisted from hostile measures.

The prosperity of the country began to revive. Industry every where prevailed. The young and the old addressed themselves to the cultivation of the soil, and to gaining a livelihood by other means of industry.

Hitherto Mr. Hidden had labored exclusively for the support of his father's family, and the freedom of his country. He had bared his bosom to the dangers of a sanguinary war the most unnatural in the annals of civilized nations, and prosecuted with a barbarity on the part of the British most re-

volting to humanity. But the hardships of war were at an end, peace and contentment pervaded the people.

CHAPTER II.

Goes to Gilmanton—Teaches school—Rev. Mr. Smith—Visits Dartmouth College—Prepares for College—Religious impressions—Conversion—Humility—Industry—Testimony of President Wheelock—Pecuniary anxiety—Elasticity of mind—Reliance on God—Christian boldness—Donations—Graduates.

In 1783, Mr. Hidden went to Gilmanton, New-Hampshire, and labored with Mr. William Price, teaching school for the first time during the winter. Notwithstanding the nature of his employment and the unremitted attention to labor, his inextinguishable thirst for knowledge had led him to qualify himself to teach in all those branches of English education then usually taught.

He possessed a vigorous intellect. Without an instructor, and with means the commonest and rudest, he had become a prodigy as a "*school master.*" He greatly signalized himself in this occupation. While teaching day schools he also taught vocal music in which he was without a rival in all that region. He moreover often recited to Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor of the Congregational church in Gilmanton; often walking five miles for this purpose. He at once won the esteem of his teacher. He soon became acquainted with the families of Hons. Joseph Badger and Thomas Cogswell, also Gen. Joseph Badger, Jr. He taught schools in their sections of the town; also in their houses and boarded in their families. They deemed him a young man of a high order of intellect and worthy esteem. He was familiar with the history of the country, ready to communicate, pleasing in manners, kind, cheerful, enterprising, and promised to make a man of eminence. They con-

sidered him a valuable appendage to their families, and so completely captivated were they as to deem him indispensable to their enjoyment. The social visit was insipid without his conversation to enliven and his voice to cheer. He gave life to every enterprise. Their children were his pupils and companions. They relieved his wants and encouraged him in his employment.

He was unwearied in acts of kindness to his parents, his brothers and sisters. The avails of his industry were cheerfully devoted to their comfort. Self was always forgotten when others needed.

Thus he continued to teach mostly in Gilmanton, sometimes in other towns. In 1785, he was employed to teach at Gilmanton Centre. He resided in the family of Gen. Joseph Badger, Junior, having for his pupil and bed-fellow, William Badger, late Governor of New-Hampshire. When the school-money was expended they obtained

private schools. He also continued to teach with great success vocal music.

During this time, he was induced by Rev. Mr. Smith, to attend Commencement at Dartmouth College. This College commenced its operations in 1770, the first Commencement being held the following year. A deep interest was felt in its success throughout the country. President Wheelock, its founder, had wisely conducted its concerns and it was beginning to exert extensive influence in the cause of education and piety. It was natural that any young man of promising talents should be advised to obtain a liberal education, and that many should be disposed to assist such young men as could be spared; for at this time they were few. As often as Mr. Smith suggested this course, Mr. Hidden remarked, there were insuperable obstacles. He felt that he was too far advanced in years and destitute of the requisite means of support. The former objection Mr. Smith could easi-

ly remove by referring to himself as having commenced study preparatory for college at an advanced age, and the latter appeared less formidable from the consideration that he had wealthy friends in Gilmanton, who would render aid.

He had often in imagination visited Dartmouth College in the forest and acted a prominent part, but these were only castles in the air that soon vanished. He now embraced an opportunity in company with Mr. Smith, Mr. Eliphalet Wood of Loudon, Mr. William Price and others, to visit this loved retreat and witness the exercises of the Commencement season.

A Commencement at College is admirably adapted to awaken the latent energies of the youthful mind. The sparkling eye, the flush of youth, the countenance radiant with joy, the bosom swelling with bright hopes, the last greetings of classmates, the severing of thousand ties, the tender meltings of heart at leaving their Alma Mater, stir the

soul and provoke strong aspirations for a participation in like scenes.

A mind like his must be deeply moved. Naturally fond of learning and of ardent feelings, laudably ambitious, active and ardent, he returned resolved on his subsequent course. He was delighted with what his eye had seen and his ear heard. He soon entered upon the study of the classics with Mr. Smith, continuing in the mean time to teach. He recited once a week regularly. By his kind disposition, familiar manner of communication and acquired knowledge of the common branches of education, acquired by redeeming time, he became a highly popular teacher.

In this employment he took great delight. He spared no labor to prove useful to his pupils. Besides the usual instruction he formed a company of militia of young men, whom he taught tactics. Many of these now survive and remember him with the liveliest emotions.

His progress in the study of the classics was very rapid, and in September of 1787, he entered Dartmouth College, aged twenty-seven, having spent less than one year's study in his preparatory course. He left a large circle of warm friends who wished him success and promised to welcome his return. He carried with him his shoe making instruments expecting by them to support himself in College in a great measure. He is related to have expressed the most enthusiastic joy on being presented, just before leaving Gilmanton, with several new knives and awls by Gen. Badger, Junior, which he procured at Portsmouth, and a large quantity of bristles given him by his pupils. It might have been foreseen from Mr. Hidden's earliest displays of character, that he was formed to be an instrument of extensive evil or of eminent good. 'There was a *decision*—a *daring*—an *untameableness* in the structure of his mind even when a boy, combined with a tone of authority

and command, and a talent in the exercise of these qualities, to which the minds of his associates yielded an implicit subjection. Fear of consequences never entered into his view. Opposition, especially if accompanied by any thing like severity or oppression, awakened unrelenting resistance. Yet this bold and untameable spirit was allied to a noble and generous disposition. There was a magnificence in his mind. His mind was too noble, to have recourse to other means or to aim at other ends, than those which he avowed; and too intrepid not to avow those which he did entertain, so far as might be required or expedient. Notwithstanding this trait of character, he possessed a deep sympathy—a sympathy which sprung less from that softness and sensibility which are the ornament of the female, than from the generosity of his disposition. He would have all men happy, and it gratified his generous nature to ease the burdens of suffering man.’ Of his religious impressions we

have not hitherto spoken. Being early taught the Scriptures of truth and educated according to the customs of the Pilgrims, he was early the subject of religious impressions. Conscience was often alarmed. Amidst the scenes of the camp and battle field he never forgot the presence of God. He remarked that he always uttered mentally the Lord's prayer as he engaged with the enemy. While at Gilmanton, he was by all considered a strictly moral man, and by many pious, though he made no profession of religion. Such was the state of his mind that he always felt it his duty to pray morning and evening in his schools. He habituated himself to secret prayer. He was sometimes deeply affected in view of his lost condition as a sinner. He was like the young man in the gospel nigh to the kingdom of God, but refused to enter.

When he entered College, as he often remarked, he "*hoped* he should become pious." He felt called by a voice within to

do good. He resolved eventually to consecrate the powers of his mind to the service of Christ. But so prone is man to defer the work of repentance, he did not become pious until his Sophomore year in College, uniting with the church at Hanover, June 20, 1790. A revival was then enjoyed in that institution, and he surrendered his heart to Christ and enlisted all the energies of his soul in the cause of his Redeemer.* His

* Rev. Ebenezer Price of Boscawen, his brother-in-law, and three years companion in College, supposes him to have been pious previous to his entrance into College. After speaking of the motive which induced him to obtain a liberal education, he remarks: "This opinion, however, supposes a change of heart; when that change took place, I have not had the means of knowing. It is true, he made public profession of religion after he entered College. And it is also true, that he had for years previous to his College life, in the view of his intimate friends sustained not only a fair moral character, but furnished strong evidences of Christian feeling and conduct. That was done by his uniform attachment to the institutions and truths of the gospel—by his constant and conscientious attendance upon sanctuary worship as he had opportunity—

spiritual joy was unbounded though he was humbled in the dust. His humility was a

by his veneration of the truly religious and his delight in their company. Furthermore, from the commencement of his school keeping, he invariably began and ended each day with prayer ; and as occasion required he conversed in school and in young company upon the subject of religion, administering Christian reproof when called for with faithfulness and affection ; leaving the impression upon young and old, that he was in the sincerity of his heart the friend of God.

I therefore suppose, my view of Mr. Hidden is virtually the same with that of his numerous friends at Gilmanton, that he had experienced the renewing grace of God years before entering College ; but then in the revival his hope was confirmed and his duty so forcibly impressed that he could no longer refrain from uniting with the church of Christ. Though associated with the most pious and engaged Christians in and out of College, he was essentially the same thoughtful, circumspect man of God, who had for years been our companion and friend.

I will but add, that this last thought sufficiently exhibits the exalted motive which fixed his choice and made intense labor easy in securing a College education, viz. the ministry of reconciliation."

The above is confirmed by several letters written before he entered College, which however were un-

prominent characteristic. 'It was not that humility which debases itself that it may be exalted, and which is offended if its professions be believed; but the humility which arose from abiding and growing conviction of his infinite distance from the standard of perfection, from God, and a neglect of those means which he had enjoyed for approaching that standard. It led him to feel dissatisfied with every thing he had done and to feel his own insignificance in comparison with others. It led him to acknowledge the worth of others.' He had an unfeigned regard for worth wherever it was found. He loved whatever God had made.

After his conversion he immediately resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. He grew rapidly in grace and in the knowledge of God. All the feelings of his nature were enlisted in the work of sav-

derstood to have been written as mere literary efforts. It is certain that he had no confidence in any hope entertained previous to his Sophomore year in College.

ing men. He exhorted, with great fervency, his former associates and acquaintances, to embrace that Saviour now so precious to his soul.

On entering College he was almost destitute of money. He devoted every leisure moment to shoemaking and teaching vocal music. Hitherto the science of music had been greatly neglected in that institution. In fact no singing school had ever been taught in that place. His musical talents soon gained him much notoriety. He was immediately employed to impart instruction and was thereby enabled to defray a part of his expenses.

President Wheelock one day found him making a pair of shoes. At which Mr. Hidden discovered some little mortification. But the President told him he had no occasion to be disconcerted, and that for the future he would employ him to supply himself and family. Being thus encouraged he

no longer worked clandestinely : but labored whenever opportunity was presented.

He would often labor while his classmates slept. When reading was his business some classmate would read aloud while he worked. This was done partly because, sometimes he could earn a little thereby and at others because he could benefit some indigent classmate, or friend, by thus working for him with the awl and hammer while he read audibly for his benefit. Many an hour did he thus benevolently labor. Benevolence gave character to his every action.

At the commencement of his second year, he and Mr. Ebenezer Price of Gilmanton, then about to enter College, afterwards settled in Boscawen, drove a cow to Hanover, subsisting upon milk on their journey thither and when there. This lessened their expenses and was considered highly commendable.

He often received valuable donations from friends in money and clothing. Visiting

some acquaintances in Exeter during a vacation, a gentleman with whom he tarried asked him the evening before leaving for Dartmouth College, if he would carry a large pack upon his back to Hanover if he would present him one? Mr. Hidden assured him he should be grateful for any thing he might give. The next morning the gentleman carried him in his carriage to Brentwood, and gave him a large pack of clothes which he did not examine until he arrived at Hanover. On opening it, to his great joy he found three suits of clothes but little worn, and many other valuable articles. Calling to his room some of his fellow students in as needy circumstances as himself, he generously distributed a large share of his goods to them. Freely receiving he freely gave. He often remarked that this bundle of clothing, though it cost him much labor to carry it upon his back so far, "was the most gratifying gift he ever received, for it relieved the necessities of so many."

He was also allowed to be absent occasionally to teach. The following I shall here insert not only to substantiate this fact, but to show in what estimation he was held by the President of the College.

“This certifies, that the bearer, Samuel Hidden, is a member in regular standing with the Junior Class of this University. He is a young gentleman of talents, of unblemished moral character, and of respectable acquirements in literature for his station. As his circumstances render it necessary for him to be absent a few months ; and to undertake in the instruction of a school during that time, he is hereby most sincerely and cheerfully recommended for that employment to the friendly notice and consideration of the wise and good.

Given under my hand at Dartmouth, &c.
this 14th day of July, 1790.

J. WHELOCK, *President.*”

Thus it is obvious he sustained a fair reputation for scholarship and was highly

esteemed. It may naturally be asked how he so well sustained himself as a scholar, or how his mental habits, and especially the rapidity of his intellectual operations, can be accounted for. 'A partial answer may be found in the fact that his time was divided between labor and study. And moreover whatever might be his employment he engaged in it with cheerfulness and prosecuted it with fidelity. The ruling passion of his soul was thirst for knowledge. This he sought to quench, or rather to cherish, by resorting to his book at every interval from toil, however short, when he tasked his mind to the utmost of his power, intent on making the greatest possible acquisition in a given time. His mind, though strung up to the highest pitch of exertion at those seasons, suffered no injury thereby, as it was soon diverted from its employment by a call to labor ; and every repetition of the process extended its capability and power. The acquisitions, in this way obtained, fur-

nished materials on which to employ his thoughts while engaged in manual labor, which he would not fail to digest and lay up in store for future use,—a voluntary discipline of most auspicious influence, as it respects the faculty of acquiring knowledge, and the power of retaining it.’ Thus his intellectual powers acquired unusual vigor and elasticity. He possessed a wonderful versatility of mind. These characterized him in subsequent life.

He often remarked that his pecuniary embarrassments occasioned him great anxiety, so much as at times unfit him for study. It was not so *popular* then for young men to live on *credit* as now. This destructive practice was then but little known, and we would it never had been ; for it crushes the intellect and blunts the moral feelings. Of all the galling miseries that a young man of sensibilities is heir to, the most intolerable, the most debasing, the most corroding to the heart, the most destructive to the mind, is

the consciousness of debt without the means of payment. ‘Oh! what days of humiliation, what nights of nervous wakefulness, or else of dreaming horror does he abide on whose oppressed spirit, is laid the load of payments he cannot meet, of obligations he cannot cancel. For him, though the sun shines abroad, there is no beauty in his beams. The earth is clothed with verdure, and a thousand odorous flowers are scattered in his path. He heeds them not; their perfume is wasted on him. The moon rides in liquid lustre, and the myriad stars break forth in light, and the whole heaven is clothed with exceeding glory; but there is darkness in his soul no light can penetrate—a grief at his heart, no beauties of nature can assuage. His energies are dead; they fester beneath the pall of despair.’ No, there is no killing like that of consciousness of inability to meet demands.

Notwithstanding to endure this be a painful and bitter task, ‘it has sometimes its re-

demption. There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy. Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writes a sudden and “strange defeature,” *they* stand erect, riven, not uprooted, a monument less of pity than of awe. There are those who, exalted by a spirit above all casualty and wo, seem to throw over the most degrading circumstances a halo of an innate and consecrating power ; the very things, which seen alone are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine ; and some portion, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the *Infant God*, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, is not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish the angel virtue at their hearts, and fling over the meanest lo-

calities of earth an emanation from the glory of heaven.'

It is in this latter condition, Mr. Hidden presents himself. His mind was elastic. It could not be wholly crushed. It dispersed the clouds, and, like the sun, when the fog is past, was stronger in its course and more piercing in its rays.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal they create,
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence."

Though he was at times depressed, his energies rallied. He raised his eye to heaven, and saw the hand of God in his affliction. He rose in the native dignity of man and felt that, if he were depressed with poverty whose iron hand laid rudely and heavily upon him, he might take courage. Mighty ones had been his predecessors and had withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overthrow their frail bark.

He had a practical reliance on Provi-

dence in all the most minute and seemingly indifferent affairs of his life. He was emphatically, to use his own expression, “a pupil of signs”—‘waiting for and following the leadings and openings of divine providence in his affairs. His faith in God was unwavering. This divine principle quite realized and substantiated to him the things which are *not seen and eternal*. It was like another sense. The things of time were nothing. Every thing that came before him was referred to a spiritual standard. His one great object was fixed, and this object engrossed his whole soul. Here his foot stood immovable, as on a rock. His hold on the truths of the Scriptures was so firm, that he acted on them boldly and unreservedly. He went all lengths, and risked all consequences, on the word and promise of God.’ He had no misgivings.

He had resolved to consecrate all he possessed to the service of Christ. Therefore poverty could not intimidate him, ‘The

world in arms would not have appalled him, while the glory of Christ was in view. Nor would he have hesitated for a moment, after he had given to nature her just tribute of feeling and of tears, to go forth from his friends and join "the noble army of martyrs" who expired in the flames, had the honor of his Master called him to this sacrifice ; nor would his knees have trembled, nor his look changed.'

Thus relying upon God for support, and resolved to do his will, he visited Gilmanton, just before graduating, destitute of money and poorly clad besides being to some extent in debt. He was about to return, and, being at Gen. Badger's, the elder, who said to him, "Samuel, where do you expect to obtain your guinea?" which was then the fee for Diploma ; "I do not know, sir," he replied. The General then requested his daughter "to bring from the desk a guinea for Samuel to pay the President for his Diploma."

Immediately after, calling at the house of the Hon. Thomas Cogswell, the Judge said to him, "Well Samuel you are about to graduate and I suppose you will have some small bills to pay; perhaps this won't do you any hurt," and put into his hands twenty dollars.

He was also presented by Mrs. Cogswell, Smith and Badger, wife of the younger Badger, with a suit of new clothes and valuable linens suitable for Commencement. Thus he returned to receive the honors of the College, laden with the rich experience of God's goodness. These expressions of kindness awakened the liveliest gratitude to the Giver of every mercy and tended to strengthen his faith in his promises.

He graduated August 24th, 1791, full of zeal in his Master's cause. His bosom swelled with hope; his heart beat high. It is true College life is a little 'dream of human passions and human infirmity to many young men. It is the same eternal tract of

disappointment, over which folly vaults and ambition staggers—a record of youthful happiness written on a summer's leaf, it glitters for a moment and fades away beneath the spirit which freshens it into beauty. It is a miniature arena in which human life first disports its vices, its hopes, and its imaginings—and if no other knowledge be acquired, the collegian can look with pride on his acquaintance with the world, its follies and its pleasures, and hug to his bosom that kernel of truth which has been wrested from the hard husks of disappointment.' But it had been more than this to him. He had learned to look far down into his own heart. He had learned the chief end of life. College life had been to him no youthful dream but a reality, stern yet joyful. He had struggled with poverty; yet he had been made rich. God had wonderfully provided for his wants and crowned his efforts with great success. He resolved that God should have all the glory.

CHAPTER III.

Tamworth—Charter—First family—Second—White inhabitants—Their hardships—Scarcity of bread—Wild animals—Sickness—Enterprise—Interest in religion—Petition—Participation in the War—Interest in Education.

As the history of Tamworth is identified with that of Mr. Hidden after his settlement, a sketch of its early incidents seems indispensable ; and though it be local in its nature, it cannot fail to interest the general reader.

The charter of Tamworth was granted 1766, under the Provincial government, in the sixth year of “the reign” of Gov. Benning Wentworth, under George the Third. Col. Jonathan Moulton was the original Proprietor of the town, he having presented

Gov. Wentworth with the names of fifty-two men who were the Grantees. "One share," or four hundred and fifty acres, was reserved for the Governor—"One share for the Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts;" "One share for the Church of England;" "One share for the first settled minister of the gospel; and another for the benefit of a school "in said town forever."

The town, owing to the difficulties of the times, however, was not settled until 1776, the first town meeting being held on the second day of July, 1777. At which meeting Ephraim Hackett was chosen Moderator, Timothy Meader Town Clerk, John Fowler, Bradbury Jewell and William Eastman Selectmen. Other town officers were also chosen. This meeting was held at the dwelling house of Mr. Ephraim Hackett.

The first family of whom the whites had any knowledge was that of one Sabatis, an

Indian, having a wife and five children. He was known to men in Sandwich and Moultonborough, and gave a flattering description of this then unexplored tract of land.

The second family was half Indian—the mother being a native of Canterbury, whose affections had been won by the dusky inhabitant of the forest. Her name is now forgotten, but it is remembered to have been related that she possessed a tall, elegant figure, dark eyes and unrivalled beauty of expression. Though strenuously opposed by her fond parents, she resolved to link her destiny with one who loved to wander amidst the solemn grandeur of nature. This family pitched their tent on the land near where Nath'el Hubbard's house now stands. They there planted apple seeds from which several trees sprang, two or three of which are now living

There were other Indians in various parts of the town of whom nothing is definitely known ; as soon however as settlements

were made by white men most of them together with the two families above mentioned removed to the Androscoggin River.

The first white man who settled in this town was Mr. Mark Jewell, (1772) whose father resided in Sandwich. He settled on what is now called Stevenson's Hill, removing about six years after to what is called Birch Interval. Mr. Jewell is now living (1842) in comparatively good health, aged about 89. His mental faculties retain an unusual degree of vigor. He was married to Ruth Vittum of Sandwich, 1776, by Esquire Beedy. Soon after Mr. Jewell's settlement in Tamworth, he was followed by his brother, Bradbury Jewell and Mr. David Philbrick, the latter of whom was killed by the fall of a tree, leaving a wife and six children to mourn his loss. He settled on what is called the River road. About this time several other families settled near Bearcamp River and in various other parts of the town.

Thus the town was settled by a few hardy pioneers. The families were few and remote from each other. Their sufferings were indescribable. They lived in continual anxiety. The Indian lurked in every hiding place ready to wreak his revenge on the helpless and unoffending. The land was pathless—they found their way from one settlement to another by spotted trees, over steep hills and almost impassable swamps. The only road into the town was through Sandwich and Moultonborough; thence to Tuftonborough and Dover. They were obliged to perform the labor now assigned the ox and the horse, for these were rarely seen. The land was covered with a growth of sturdy trees. The winters were long and severe; the snows fell in great quantities and the frost came early to blast the fruits of their labor.

Their corn thus cut off, they were obliged to procure provisions at great expense and at a great distance. They often car-

ried on their backs, or on hand sleighs, corn and other grains from Gilmanton and Canterbury. One man, unable to procure bread for his wife and seven children, and believing they must perish with hunger, left home in pursuit of corn, resolving that he would never return destitute. He could not see the wife of his bosom and children of his warm affections, die with famine. As he left, he gave them a warm embrace, saying that "God would provide." He arrived at Gilmanton, wearied and oppressed, destitute of money and means of obtaining food for his perishing family. But through the kindness of friends he was provided with two bushels of corn with which he returned with incredible speed. He found his family all alive but suffering with excruciating hunger. They found access to the contents of the bag and attempted to supply the demands of nature with the dry meal. Often were families reduced to live on the smallest allowance of bread and lay down at night desiring

death. One woman, having put her children into their beds, went to her neighbor, Col. Mason, and said, "I have put my children to bed to die;" but God preserved them.

In addition to this they were in constant fear of ferocious beasts. The wolf prowled about their dwellings by night; the catamount watched for prey; the wild-cat lurked by the foot path and the bear watched in the thicket. Domestic animals were seized—children terrified and mothers driven frantic.

Moreover, sickness prevailed; the mother might be seen watching by the bedside of the sick by day and by night and at last closing the eyes of a beloved son, or dutiful daughter; single families performing the last sad offices to the dead with none to mingle a tear, or sooth the anguish of bereavement.

Notwithstanding all these embarrassments, the hardy sons of Tamworth stood, like the

trees of centuries that overshadowed them, shaken, but not uprooted. They braved every danger; endured every hardship, relying on the God of their life. "Stern men were they and true." They never lost sight of their great interests: the trees were felled; roads were early constructed, and bridges built. As early as Jan. 24, 1778, at a Town Meeting it was voted to build two bridges over Bearcamp river; one at the easterly end of the town and the other at the west. A committee was chosen to carry into effect this vote, also solicit "the Proprietor's assistance therein."

These men, having early known the value of the gospel, earnestly desired the stated means of grace. Up to 1778, they had enjoyed preaching occasionally. Rev. Joshua Nickerson from Cape Cod was the first man who preached north of the Lake Winnepiisogee. He preached in Moultonborough, Sandwich and Tamworth. He identified himself with no sect, but was esteem-

ed a very pious man. He was of great service to the early inhabitants in sustaining a lively interest in the cause of religion. It would seem that he had designed to be settled as the first Minister of the town ; since an article was inserted in the warrant for the annual Town Meeting in 1778, “ to see if the town would settle Joshua Nickerson as Minister of the town, or otherwise employ him.” But they unanimously refused to settle or in any way employ him. The following petition to the Proprietor drawn up at this meeting will show the true state of their feelings. After some preliminary remarks, the petition proceeds thus :

“ The Petition of the Inhabitants of said Tamworth humbly sheweth, that we, your Petitioners, ever since our settlement have here had in view the settlement of the Gospel Ministry among us whenever our circumstances and the situation of the Town would admit of it. But our own inability and fewness in number, which we impute to

the difficulties of the times, have hitherto prevented our obtaining any regular preaching of the Gospel among us. The same difficulties remaining will doubtless prevent our immediate increase, so that we cannot expect a settled Ministry, at least till the War subsides ; yet as it is our duty however small in number, or embarrassed with the cares of life, not to sink into a supine state in respect to the means of Religion, so we have a sincere desire to make all the provision, in our power for hiring of preaching here for a season, and beg leave to lay our circumstances before you and beg you would consider our peculiar situation and incapacity of ourselves to provide a preacher for any term of time, and pray your kind help and donation towards hiring preaching for any time you may think proper ; at the same time assuring you we shall ever be ready to aid and assist in the accomplishment of the full and regular settlement of

your Township. And your Petitioners as in duty bound, shall ever pray."

The above petition was favorably received, but, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, they failed to procure preaching for many years. The War with England then prevailed and men's hearts failed them, for fear of those things about to come upon them. The town was frequently called upon to furnish its quota of men for the continental Army, which occasioned great distress among the inhabitants. In 1777, four men enlisted. Mr. Moses Head was the first. He left a wife and several children to provide for themselves. As he was going out of the town he called on Col. Mason and with great agitation said to him, "Sir, I have taken the last look of my dear wife and children ; I go to die for my country dearer than all else. I pray you be kind to them." He soon fell a victim to the merciless tyranny of England. In the same year Abial and Phineas Stevens and Isaac Head enlisted

and died in the cause of their bleeding country. Others after having fought for liberty returned to the bosom of their families to enjoy the fruits of their toils.

Under the pressure of all these calamities they did not neglect the education of their children. These were taught by their mothers at the fireside. The Catechism was early committed to memory as well as portions of the sacred Scriptures. They were taught to respect their superiors and to reverence God. They availed themselves of such other instruction as could be obtained. As early as 1782, at a Town Meeting it was voted to build two school houses—one near where Mr. Jabez Page's house now stands, and the other near the house of Mr. Henry Remick. The first school master was Elijah Hutchinson of Gilmanton. After this period school houses were rapidly multiplied, the population and prosperity of the town having greatly increased, though

as late as 1778, only twenty-two votes were cast for Governor.

Between 1778 and 1786, the town took no public measures to procure the stated preaching of the gospel. But March 4th, 1783, it was "voted to raise fifteen pounds for preaching some part of the year," though in November of the same year, it was "voted not to raise said sum." Two years after, March 10th, 1789, it was "voted to raise twenty pounds for preaching to be paid in produce." But it does not appear that any money was ever directly raised for preaching until 1792.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hidden returns to Gilmanton—Studies Theology—State of his mind—Doctrine of Free Grace—Extract of Mr. Smith's letter — Licensed — Call — Arrives at Tamworth — First Sabbath—Simplicity of the people—Proposals for settlement—Accepts—Greatly beloved.

Having taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, August 24, 1791, at Dartmouth College, Mr. Hidden returned to Gilmanton and immediately entered upon the study of Theology with Rev. Isaac Smith, his former instructor. This opened to his mind a new field of thought and investigation. He prosecuted this study with his characteristic vigor. He grasped subjects most abstruse and difficult with an energy that astonished his

teacher. Doctrines which others could understand only by close investigation he understood almost by intuition and was able to explain difficult points with great perspicuity.

The state of his mind on entering the study of Theology may be best learned from a scrap of his own writings.

“Sept. 1691. I have now commenced the study of Theology. And what a study ! I tremble at the thought ! Shall I so vile and unworthy attempt to find out God,—his character and attributes ? Is not the thought rash ? Forgive me, gracious God. I prostrate my soul before thee, humbled in the dust ! If Moses trembled well may I ! Yet thou dost condescend to let thy character be known. Oh what condescension ! Jesus, this is for thy sake. Thou hast made it consistent for God to reveal himself in mercy. Oh what a debt of gratitude I owe thee. I give myself to thee. Accept me all unworthy. Teach me the path of duty.

Enlighten my understanding. Humble my heart. Make me just what thou wouldest have me to be, and I will praise thy name ; I will speak of thy truth ; ‘ I will teach transgressors thy ways and sinners shall be converted unto thee.’ I will never attempt to investigate any subject until I have implored thy aid. I will not lean upon my own strength ; for I have none. I will every morning and evening enter my closet and hold communion with thee. Every hour will I bless thee. Jesus, Jesus, guide me. Uphold me lest I fall ! Let me not be presumptuous.”

The above gives us an insight into the secret of his heart. It shows the overflowings of a soul “humbled into the dust ;” his strong aspirations for a close and more intimate walk with Christ, and for the assistance of the Holy Spirit.

Another scrap is found bearing date, December. Nothing more is known of the time when it was written ; but it would seem

probable that it was written December, 1791.

“ December. I have just been examining the Doctrine of Free Grace. Never did it appear in so clear a light. I see through it now. And what a glorious doctrine ! Glorious in God, but humiliating to man ! Is man so fallen ! Has he stooped so low ! Yes, blessed Jesus ! And thou hast raised him up ! Oh, what love ! Angels, proclaim it. Chant it, ye celestial choirs ! Let all heaven and hell proclaim that man’s salvation is a free Gift. Not that we loved God but that God first loved us. This is the great secret. Then what have I to boast ? Alas ! I deserve the hottest hell. And yet my cruel heart has rebelled against this doctrine so obviously taught in the blessed Bible. I have tried to find worthiness in myself and to obtain salvation by keeping the law. But there is not a law I have not violated and tried by which I must be condemned forever ; and this condemnation

would be just. Yes, I should proclaim it so amidst the torments of the damned ! Nothing can I now do to gain the favor of Heaven ; the law is broken ; I am condemned. But I see a way of escape through the Atonement of Christ. And how my heart will burst for joy ! Oh ! what joy. Salvation—free salvation, is bought by Christ ! How sweet the words—Free Salvation ! Never did the plan of Salvation appear so stupendous, so glorious. Loud will I proclaim it—Free salvation bought by Jesus' blood !”

Those who were acquainted with Mr. Hidden in his later years will not fail to recognize the above as gushing from the same full soul which gave utterance to his fervid ejaculations in the pulpit as well as in private conversation. They are the outpourings of genuine feeling. They are undisguised sentiments — warm—melting—tender. The effusions of a contrite soul.

The following extract of a letter written by Rev. Mr. Smith Nov. 13, 1791, will show

in what estimation Mr. Hidden was held by his valued teacher.

“You ask for a description of Samuel Hidden : I would therefore say that he is a young man of the first order of intellects—his perception is quick—his judgment sound ; his imagination lively ; his sensibilities warm ; his soul is alive to devotion ; he is cheerful, gay, sober, merry, grave. He is kind-hearted, passionate, gentle ; and in short, he is a real apostle, becoming all things to all men. In his studies he has made rapid progress ; he grasps the most difficult subjects with Herculean strength and sees through every thing almost intuitively. He is destined to do great good in the church of Christ. The spirit of Christ appears to be in him.”

A versatility of mind was a prominent characteristic of Mr. Hidden through life. Said an aged man to the memorialist, “I once met Mr. Hidden after he graduated at Dartmouth College, at Hon. Thomas Cogswell’s. At first, being told he was a student

of Divinity, I was quite disgusted with him ; his laugh was so boisterous, as I thought, and he talked so readily upon all subjects—music, tactics, war, love, death and marriages. But when I heard him talk of the Bible, its doctrines, its promises and threatenings, my disgust was changed to admiration. When he prayed he carried us all up to heaven and we seemed to hear the songs of angels. When he sung, his countenance beamed with delight and his eye sparkled with joy. You would have thought you saw his soul looking out its windows. Wonderful man ! said I to myself. He was just such a man as my imagination had pictured, but whom I had despaired of seeing. I would go on Pilgrimage to Mecca if I could see another such.”

Such had been Mr. Hidden’s proficiency in Theology that he was licensed to preach at Kingston, Oct. 4th, 1791. The following is his license :

“Mr. Samuel Hidden having offered him-

self to an examination for an approbation for preaching the gospel, we, the subscribers, having carefully attended to his sentiments, his knowledge in divinity and religious experience, are satisfied, and cordially recommend him to the Church wherever God in his providence shall be pleased to call him." This is signed by Nathaniel Noyes, Elisha Thayer, Isaac Smith, Curtis Coe, Christopher Paige, Jedediah Tucker and Jesse Rennington.

He preached his first sermon to Rev. Mr. Smith's congregation and is related to have made the whole congregation weep profusely. While he remained in Gilmanton he preached occasionally in various parts of the town, generally however, at the house of Philbrick Rand, in that part of the town now called Gilford.

Such was Mr. Hidden's character and the estimation in which he was held towards the latter part of December, 1791, when after having spent most of one night in meditation

and prayer for God's direction in his future course, he fell asleep and dreamed that two men called on him to employ him to preach, and he complied. He recollected distinctly the circumstances of the place and the character of the people. This dream made a deep impression upon his mind ; he regarded it as an intimation from God. About this time at a special meeting of the town in Tamworth a committee was chosen to procure preaching and this committee, having heard of Mr. Hidden by means of the Hon. Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton, who had now become an extensive land-holder in Tamworth, proceeded directly to Gilmanton to secure his services. He consented to return with them. On arriving in Tamworth every thing appeared natural ; the situation of the place, the character of the people, all corresponded with his dream.

He arrived in Tamworth on Saturday and preached the next day, being the fifteenth of January, 1792, in Mr. William Eastman's

dwelling house. He preached in the forenoon from Acts 10: 29. "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for : I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me ?" In the afternoon he preached from John 1 : 13. "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Previous to this many were prejudiced against a "*College learned man*" and "resolved not to like him." The wife of Mr. William Eastman, when she saw him coming, said, "she had as lief see the Devil," though she was ever after his warmest friend. Mr. Hidden at once gained the admiration of every hearer. All were enthusiastic in his praise. This was a new epoch in his life. The town was sparsedly settled and the inhabitants were rudely dressed and more rude in manners.

———" Here was seen
No trace of man's pomp or pride ; no silks
Rustl'd, no jewels shone, nor envious eyes

Encounter'd ; no fantastic carvings show'd
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of God's fair works."

As he looked around the room crowded with listening spectators, he saw the women dressed in long waisted gowns with strait sleeves and checkered aprons, all of domestic manufacture, and the men clothed with materials of the same character ; the shape of whose garments it would be impossible to describe ; but they were such as to give them a grotesque appearance. Capt. Geo. Dodge and lady were, however, exceptions ; he having breeches and long stockings and other garments of more costly material ; and she having what was called a " white Holland" apron. Notwithstanding the contrast between these men and those with whom he had resided, he felt at home ; that here was a field for usefulness, and men were perishing for want of the gospel of Christ. He felt strengthened and blessed. " Never," said he, " did I feel happier than on that

day." He continued to preach with signal success in private houses, or barns, until March 13, 1792, when in the annual Town Meeting, it was proposed to settle him as the Minister of the town. The following is a copy of the transaction of the town in relation to this subject.

" Voted, That it is the unanimous desire of the Inhabitants of Tamworth to settle Mr. Samuel Hidden in the Ministry in this Town, provided it can be done upon such terms as they think themselves able to comply with.

Voted, That a committee be chosen consisting of fifteen persons to inform Mr. Hidden of the minds of the Town, and to know of him if he will settle with us if reasonable proposals be made and to invite him, (in case he should give encouragement,) to preach with us a certain time, and in the mean time to draw up some proposals to make to said Hidden and report to the Town when met."

Said Committee met and agreed that the following proposals be laid before the Town.

1st. " To build a house for Mr. Samuel Hidden one story high of 28 and 38, or 30 and 40 feet as said Hidden shall think best, and to clapboard, glaze, shingle, build a stack of chimnies with four smokes, dig a cellar under one end of said house, and finish one half of said house in two years from December, 1791.

2d. That thirty three pounds lawful money be the sum offered to Mr Hidden for his yearly support—three pounds of the same to be paid in cash—fifteen pounds in good merchantable beef at eighteen shillings per hundred, and fifteen pounds lawful money in merchantable corn at three shillings, rye at four, and wheat five shillings the bushel ; the above sums in produce, cash and beef, to be paid yearly for three years : these expired, then said Hidden's salary is to be raised yearly as the Town may increase

according to polls and estates that may be liable to be taxed for the support of said Hidden as the present Inhabitants are now taxed including what polls and estates may be added in the aforesaid three years till it amounts to fifty pounds ; three pounds of the fifty to be paid in cash ; twenty three pounds ten shillings in good merchantable beef and the remaining twenty three pounds ten shillings to be paid in good merchantable Indian corn, rye and wheat.

3d. That when the above tax amounts to fifty pounds that then said Hidden's salary to stand fixed and to be paid in cash, produce and beef at the prices as mentioned above, yearly."

The above is signed by David Gilman for the Committee.

" April 2, 1792. In annual Town Meeting on adjournment,

Voted, Unanimously to accept the report of their Committee respecting settling Mr. Samuel Hidden."

At a previous meeting they had voted to "raise money to pay Mr. Samuel Hidden for what he had preached and that the above named Committee, (if Mr. Hidden should accept,) should make provisions for his Ordination" and "carry the whole matter through." And in a subsequent Town Meeting, May 7, 1792, it was voted to give "up all the right that they have unto the Right of Land granted in the Charter of Tamworth to the first settled Minister in said Town, unto Mr. Samuel Hidden to be his own property as soon as he is ordained here." At the same meeting it was also "voted that Mr. Hidden's salary shall be continued no longer than he is the Minister of this Town."

Previous to the town's call to Mr. Hidden it had been made a subject of devout prayer to God for counsel. This call was not given under some spasmodic influence but from the sincere and deliberate conviction that God had so ordered things as to

make it evident that Mr. Hidden should be their spiritual guide. They longed for one in whom they could confide and from whom they might derive instruction and consolation. They conceived him adapted to their circumstances. He also felt the solemnity of the anticipated relation and commended the subject to God at the throne of grace. Many and weighty were the inducements to decline the call. But the feeling that God designed him to labor in this field pervaded his bosom. He was often heard to say, his dream, (though the incredulous may smile at it,) had more influence in gaining his assent than all else. Consequently May 8, 1792, he made known his acceptance of the town's call in the following communication.

“ To the inhabitants of Tamworth :

You have thought it expedient, after mature considerations and earnest prayer to God, as I trust, to give me an invitation to settle with you in the gospel ministry ; and

have voted certain things for my encouragement and support in that important office. I am conscious of inability rightly to conduct in so important a station. But *that* God, by whose remarkable Providence I am what I am, I have no reason to distrust; on his mercy I wish to rely for strength to discharge what he in his Providence may call me to perform. After serious consideration and earnest prayer to Almighty God for direction, I have thought fit and do hereby accept of your proposals, if there is a church peaceably formed. As I live at considerable distance from my friends, I would reserve four Sabbaths in a year to visit them, if I please. Also if I am taken sick while laboring among you, you must still grant me my support until I am again able to discharge the duties of my office. You are sensible, my friends, the duties of a minister are great and important; therefore I hope you will be ever ready to assist me, by punctuality in payment, advice in difficult

cases, and by your constant attendance on God's preached word and ordinances, and your constant, fervent prayer, that I may be faithful to God, to myself, to your souls and those of your children ; that we may all appear at God's right hand, in the day when he maketh up his jewels.

SAMUEL HIDDEN.

May the 8th, 1792."

These conditions were agreed upon and the twelfth of September next was appointed for his Ordination. Mr. Hidden continued to preach, twining the affections of the people about him still closer. Never did a people love more their spiritual guide ; never place more implicit confidence in any mortal. They would have plucked out their eyes for him. Said an aged, venerable man to the memorialist, " We would all have surrendered our lives for him. We loved him next to Jesus Christ. I verily believe he could have made no demand which we should not have cheerfully grant-

ed." Thus the people sustained him by their prayers and affections. They were impatient for the time when they might call him their pastor. They were feasted with his preaching and delighted with his conversation. His word was their law from which none appealed.

CHAPTER V.

*The day of his ordination—Great Rock—
The Council—Church formed—Contro-
versy—Proceed to the ordination—Ex-
tracts from letters—First Church meet-
ing—The Sacrament—His marriage—
Intercourse with his people—Meeting
house—Prayer meeting—Revival.*

The ordination of Mr. Hidden took place September 12th, 1792. This was one of those rich, mellow days of September when nature seems in a thoughtful, but happy mood ; when the feelings of man correspond with the aspect of nature. The foliage was slightly tinged with autumnal hues. The sun on that eventful day rose with unusual splendor ; his rays gilded the tops of the surrounding mountains and darted

through the almost impenetrable forest, awakening joy in many a heart. For this was a gala-day to the inhabitants of Tamworth. All was life and animation. The grove resounded with the voice of gladness. The wilderness and the solitary place were glad and the desert began to blossom as the rose. Early in the morning of that day might be seen some farmer from Fryeburgh with his wife and one or two children on his faithful steed, winding their way along some foot path guided by spotted trees and other indications, towards the centre of the town; young lads in all the buoyancy of youth; elderly men whose heads had been whitened by the frosts of many winters; mothers with their smiling daughters dressed in their best attire of domestic manufacture. Many walked ten and even fifteen miles from Conway, Eaton, Ossipee, Sandwich and Moultonborough to witness the novel, but solemn scene of an Ordination. Near the place where the Meeting House now stands.

is a large rock about thirty feet square and fifteen feet high. The surface is almost level. On this it was resolved that Mr. Hidden should be ordained, since there was no Meeting House ; nor any building sufficiently large to convene the crowds that assembled. In fact, there was but one house within any considerable distance from the place. It was a dense forest on every hand with only here and there an opening. Around this rock the multitude assembled, eager to witness the ceremony. But a difficulty arose which occasioned much delay. A Council had been invited, consisting of Rev. Mr. Smith of Gilmanton, Shaw of Moultonborough, Williams of Meredith, Porter of Conway, Piper of Wakefield and Coe of Durham. Up to this day no church had been formed. There were several pious individuals in the town of different religious persuasions—Congregationalists, Calvinistic Baptists and Free-Will Baptists. And the only difficulty in the formation of a

church consisted in the rite of Baptism. They were all united in other points. But Mr. Hidden drew up the following article of Covenant in addition to others which met the cordial approbation of all.

“4th. But willing to exercise all due candor and benevolence in condescension to each other’s infirmities, we now unanimously agree that if any of our members think it their duty to present their children to God in the ordinance of Baptism, or think it not their duty to present their children in this ordinance, neither of them shall be considered as offenders for acting agreeably to the dictates of their own consciences in this respect, and that Baptism by Immersion, by Sprinkling, Affusion, or Washing, shall be no bar to our Christian communion and fellowship ; we also agree and covenant that children who are devoted to God and his people in this holy ordinance, shall be considered as under the parental care and sub-

ject to the discipline and government of the Church.”

Nineteen this day subscribed to the articles of Faith and Covenant ; others had not removed their connection with other churches but stood pledged so to do. Thus the church was formed, consisting of thirteen males and six females. But the Council refused to ordain Mr. Hidden in consequence of this article of Covenant in relation to Baptism. They were strenuously opposed to it and insisted upon its being given up ; but the church and people as strenuously refused. The Council first met at Capt. Dodge's house but this being wanted for other purposes and too small to accommodate them and others who came to consult with them, they adjourned to Capt. Dodge's orchard. Long were the debates ;—the whole town were there determined that Mr. Hidden should be ordained. Mr. Coe however was in favor of proceeding to the ordination and exerted all his influence to pre-

vail on the rest of the Council. At length Mrs. William Eastman, (who when she first saw Mr. Hidden, said she had as lief see the Devil,) came into the Council and declared with great energy and decision "Mr. Hidden *shall* be ordained *this* day." At a late hour in the day it was announced to the people that the Council had consented to proceed to the ordination. The joy at this announcement was unbounded. Said an eye witness, "The air was filled with joyful acclamations. The people kneeled on the ground and gave thanks to God. Tears of gladness flowed copiously and the hour was one of unalloyed happiness. I have never witnessed such a scene since and never expect to another until I get to heaven."

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sounds of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.”

The Council with Mr. Hidden ascended the rock where a table and seats were prepared while the eager multitude stood in silence around to witness the novel ceremony. The services were brief, the day being so far spent. Mr. Porter offered the first prayer, Mr. Smith preached the sermon, Mr. Shaw gave the Charge, Mr. Coe the Right hand of Fellowship and Mr. Williams made the concluding prayer.*

The following letter, found between the leaves of an old sermon and in which no name is found, it being much mutilated, will serve to throw some light upon this occasion, and cannot fail to be interesting. It bears

* It is little remarkable that that part of the rock on which Mr. Williams stood fell off, since the foundation on which he built his hopes for heaven soon after proved like the rock, insecure.

date, "Durham, Sept. 27, 1792." After stating some circumstances relative to the ordination the letter proceeds ;—

"Now, Sir, I will tell you about the ordination : and yet I know not where to begin or what to say ; it defies description. After much wrangling between the Council and the people, Mr. Hidden was ordained on a large rock on which fifty men might stand. His foundation must be secure, and solid ; for this rock will stand till Gabriel shall divide it with the power of God. Early in the morning the people assembled around this rock, men, women, boys and girls together with dogs and other domestic animals. It is an entire forest about this place. The scenery is wild. On the north is a high hill and north of this is the mountain called Chocorua which touches heaven. On the south and in all directions are mountains, steep and rugged. I had expected to have heard the howling of the wolf and the screeching of the owl : but instead of

these were heard the melting notes of the Robin and the chirping of the Sparrow and other birds that made the forest seem like Paradise. The men looked happy, rugged, and fearless; their trowsers came down to about half way between the knee and ankle; their coats were mostly short and of nameless shapes. Many wore slouched hats, and hundreds were shoeless. The women looked ruddy and as though they loved their husbands; their clothing was all of domestic manufacture—Every woman had on a checkered linen apron and carried a clean linen handkerchief. Their bonnets! Well, I cannot describe them; I leave them to your imagination. But think of the grandeur of the scene. A great rock the pulpit, the whole town the floor of the house and the canopy of heaven the roof, and the tall, sturdy trees the walls! Who could help being devotional? This is the place nature has formed for pure worship. Long shall this rock stand like the rock on which our

fathers landed. Long may these woods resound with the praises of Jehovah. Long may this Church make the wilderness and the solitary place glad and the desert blossom as the rose."

—"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. They stand tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker."

Mr. Hidden, thus constituted the spiritual guide of his little flock and the teacher of the whole town felt deeply the responsibilities that rested upon him; but he sunk not under them. He viewed the Christian warfare a delightful one. He longed to be the means under God of saving souls and looked forward to a life of usefulness. In a letter to a friend immediately after his ordination he describes his feelings thus:

“ I was last week ordained as pastor of this infant church and Minister of the town. You cannot imagine how small I feel. Had not Jesus promised to be with his servants to the end of time I should sink under the weight of responsibilities which press upon me. But thanks to God, through Jesus Christ helping me, I can do all things. When I think of him I stand firm as a rock. All the gates of hell cannot prevail against me. Oh, what consolation in Christ ! I never felt the blessedness of the gospel so much as while preaching it to others. Here are souls destined for eternity. They must be saved by the preaching of the gospel or go down to hell ! I preached last Sabbath to an attentive assembly. They were eager to catch every word. I felt that God strengthened me to proclaim his word. I know that the Spirit of Christ is here and believe that he is about to visit this people in mercy. May showers of grace descend. How happy I should be if all these immortal

souls could speedily be brought into the fold of Christ. I am more and more pleased with my people. They are kind hearted and ready to do every thing for my comfort. The Lord will reward them. I will pray for them with my latest breath. Do you pray for me that I may prove a blessing to this people."

This letter shows a heart deeply humbled but overflowing with love to souls. He had felt the power of truth upon his own soul and ardently desired that others might share in the same blessedness. Said a man who accidentally found him praying in the forest to God for his people, "I stood for a moment and gazed on his countenance ; he was upon his knees with his face turned upwards and his hands raised. The tears rolled in torrents down his face ; his soul seemed to sit upon his countenance. He was praying for his little church. He prayed with such fervency that my soul melted within me and I fell prostrate upon the ground and ejacu-

lated a prayer to God. He continued praying a long time with the same fervor. That was a delightful prayer meeting. I never got so near to God before ! Mr. Hidden rose and I did the same. ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ this is a good place for a prayer meeting ; let us pray longer ;’ and we prayed there a whole hour. I have often wished to meet him so again.”

He now began to take measures for the building up of his church and improvement of the people. On the 20th of September, 1792, the first church meeting was held at the house of Mr. William Eastman. At which meeting George Dodge was unanimously chosen Clerk, and William Eastman and Oliver Fowler Deacons. The church being thus organized, it was voted, “ That the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper be administered on the first Sabbath in November.” The communion season was anticipated with great delight. The little church now (Nov. 4,) numbered nineteen, thirteen

males and six females. The long desired season arrived. This was the first time many of the congregation had witnessed the celebration of the Lord's Supper. A deep solemnity pervaded the audience. To the church it was a Pentecostal season. Previous to passing the bread Mr. Hidden reminded them of the love of Christ, his death and atonement. He reminded them of his last supper and his sufferings in the garden. Said he, "I come to break bread to you here in the wilderness. The manna is ready. Eat ye all of it." This season cannot be better described than in the words of one who was present. "This season," said he, "was awfully solemn. There was not a man, woman, or child who was not affected to tears. This was the first time such a season had been enjoyed in the town, and we were so thankful that we had now the stated means of grace, a church and a pastor, dearer to every heart than life itself, we could express our gratitude only by deep

sobblings of the heart. The fountains of our souls were broken up. We felt that Christ was present with us. We blessed him and covenanted to be his forever. This was a foretaste of heavenly communion ; it was the house of God and the very gate of heaven."

The following lines of Mr. Hidden are fraught with great interest.

"I have to-day, for the first time, administered the Lord's Supper to my little flock. The act was new to me. As I looked round on those who partook of the elements of Christ's body and blood, I thought how happy we shall be in heaven when we sit around Christ's table and he at the head. Then these bodies will be changed. They will be like Christ's glorious body. Our unholy passions will there be unknown. Not a wave of trouble will roll across our peaceful breasts. No tear will bedew our cheek. Our hands will wave palms of victory. Our voices will proclaim Christ the Re-

deemer of our souls. We shall then be clothed in garments washed in Jesus blood. We shall tune our harps of gold. Here our houses are of clay. We are clothed with rags, and for these we must labor hard, but *there* the richest crowns and garments of pure white are laid up for us. Here we commune with Christ, as it were, at a great distance, but there we shall lean upon his bosom, look full into his face which shines with a brightness that outdazzles the sun. We shall there drink of the stream that flows fast by the throne of God. The sun will not scorch, nor the winter blast us. Full fruition will be ours. More will be offered us than we can contain. There will be a surplus of every joy. Oh blest scenes of pure delight ! What a contrast with those of to-day ! We have had a blessed season *here*, but *there* more blessed. I long for that home where death will be swallowed up in victory. I have attempted to sing to-day, but in heaven how will my

voice echo ! O ravishing thought ! I seem almost to be there ! The voices of angels sound sweetly upon my ear ! I catch the note, I begin the song, glory to God and the Lamb, that has bought us with his blood ! Halleluiah ! Halleluiah ! Let the echo fly. How am I rapt in contemplation ! But, oh ! I am still here, prisoner of earth, vile, and sinful. But, dear Jesus, I will labor for thee and love thee though I be sent to hell as I deserve. I delight in thy service. I love thy word. It is my meditation day and night ; sweeter to my taste than honey or the honey comb. Enable me so to teach it to others as that they also may love it and find by happy experience that in keeping thy commandments, there is great reward. Make me a faithful Shepherd to this little flock, that I may be able to lead them in green pastures and by still waters and feed them with knowledge and understanding, that they may be trained up a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

May all who have communed at thy table to-day eat bread at thy right hand. Oh keep them, blessed God. Save them to the end. Let them, while they sojourn here, hold constant intercourse with heaven."

Mr. Hidden was married Nov. 29, 1792, to Miss Betsy Price, daughter of Mr. William Price of Gilmanton. The town, as stipulated, had erected him a house and finished a part of it. They welcomed his bride, with great cordiality. The intercourse between his family and the inhabitants was of a character adapted to improvement. It was open, free, confiding. There was no restraint. His house was open for the reception of his parishoners at all hours of the day. This gave him an opportunity to know his people and their wants. On this account he was always fortunate in the selection of subjects for his sermons. Never

was man more skilful in adapting his sermons to the occasion and circumstance. This was owing to great familiarity with men and things. From his earliest youth he had accurately studied human nature. He saw through men. He could construe them, analyze them. This made him superior to others. His people felt it, and sought his counsel on all occasions. His opinion was law in matters spiritual and temporal.

Up to this time, he had preached in Capt. Dodge's barn, or in some dwelling house as the Selectmen had provided. But now he held his meetings in his own house, having a room fitted up for that purpose. During the week he lectured as often as three times in different parts of the town. In October, they had voted to build a house forty four feet long, thirty-seven and half wide and one story high ; and a plan of the pews having been drawn they were sold at auction, for between three and six dollars

per pew. But in March, 1793, nothing farther having been done, the town voted to build the house two stories high instead of one, and refused to sell the pews by a new auction, and voted to raise the money to defray the expenses of the house, (in addition to that raised by the sale of pews and fifty dollars granted by the proprietors) by a direct tax on every man in the town. Many complained of this as oppressive, since some lived at so great distance as rendered it impracticable to worship in the contemplated house. Such an act at the present day would not be tolerated. But considering that the town built the house and that almost all would meet in it for worship there is less room for censure.

It is lamentable to find on record such an act as the following ; “voted to procure one Barrel of Rum for framing and raising the Meeting House.” But we must not try them by the same standard by which we judge men of the present day. Future gen-

erations will condemn in us many acts which we esteem virtuous. They acted in accordance with the light they enjoyed. Let us do the same and guard against the errors they committed. Let their errors perish with them.

Much debate arose about the location of the building. Some were for one place and others for a different. Several meetings were successively held. March 25, 1793, it was voted to erect the house on the spot where it now stands. The frame was raised in August following, when a dinner was dressed for the occasion at the expense of the town. The exterior of the house was completed during the autumn, the interior being deferred until the ensuing summer. As soon as the frame was boarded and shingled, a temporary Pulpit was erected and seats prepared, and in it they held their meetings during the winter and following spring.

At the close of 1792, the church consis-

ted of twenty nine members. But in the winter of 1793, and 1794, the church was visited with a refreshing shower of divine grace. The first intimation of the special presence of the Spirit was observed in a prayer meeting held at Dea. Eastman's house. A member of the church was called upon to pray. He rose and prayed with unusual fervor for a revival of religion. When he sat down Mr. Hidden, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "There, brother, the revival you wanted has come! Don't you see how Christ fulfills his promises? Even while you were praying he answered!" A deep solemnity pervaded the meeting. They confessed their faults one to another and covenanted to begin anew the Christian life. They left the house of prayer with hearts warmed by the Spirit of Christ, saying, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" Mr. Hidden spent the whole night in wrestling with the God of Jacob. He prevailed. Early the next morning he called at the

house of Dea. Eastman and found him asleep. "What," said he, "can you not pray one night? Come, Deacon, get up, and let us have a prayer meeting this morning. Why, don't you see that Christ is coming to make us a visit? Let us prepare for him." This was Friday morning. The influence of the last evening's meeting began to be felt in every direction. One heart warmed another until the whole Church was revived. Prayer meetings were held in different parts of the town and wherever two or three met, there was a prayer meeting. The people came from all parts of the town through the woods in deep snows, on sleds drawn by oxen every Sabbath; this being the more common mode of conveyance. The snow was often so deep that the paths were impassable to horses. This did not keep them from the house of worship. They feared not the cold of winter while their hearts were warmed with holy love. Mr. Hidden preached with great

zeal ; often every day in the week. Much time was spent in religious conference with those who came to his house to receive instruction and consolation. When any came, anxious for their souls' salvation, after properly enlightening their minds with divine truth, and urging them to submit to Christ, he commended them to God in prayer and would say, "Come, now you pray." At one of these conferences a man declined praying ; "What," said he, "wont pray for yourself when *I* have been praying for *you* ! Come, pray *now*." The man replied that he could not think of any thing to say. "Say !" exclaimed Mr. Hidden, "Say, Oh, Lord Jesus, forgive me !" "Ah !" said the penitent man, "I can pray now," and fell on his knees and gave his heart to Christ. "There," said Mr. Hidden smiling through his tears, "you have got the door open. Keep it so." Thus the work of grace progressed with great power. The elderly portion of the community were espe-

cially the subjects of this revival. About thirty were hopefully converted. This was a large number considering the small population of the town. Fifteen were added to the church at the close of 1793, and others at the commencement of 1794; between which time and 1800, about fifty were added.

CHAPTER VI.

Revival—Extract of a letter—Change in his salary—Missionary tour—Revivals—Spotted fever—Cold seasons—His interest in the sufferers.

We have seen that during the last eight years, the church had enjoyed refreshings from the Lord and that a good degree of interest continued through all this period. We are now to record a work of grace unparalleled in the annals of church history, considering the number of inhabitants and the distances at which they lived from the place of worship.

This revival also took its rise in a prayer meeting in the north western part of the town. Previous to this meeting it had been observed that Mr. Hidden preached with

unusual fervor, that his prayers breathed more of heaven and a deeper solemnity rested upon his countenance. He remarked to one of his Deacons ; “ Sir, what is to be done ? Here are hundreds in this town going to hell if not saved soon ! I feel that God is about to pour out his Spirit. We have prayed long ; and I know God will answer prayer. Why, I know we shall be revived again ! Pray for it, deacon. Don’t leave off praying. God is merciful. We shall prevail.” His faith was well founded. God soon appeared, not in the whirlwind nor the storm, but his still small voice was heard. The waters began to be agitated. A ripple was seen. Soon a mighty wave of salvation rolled over the town. A few days after the prayer meeting above spoken of, one, who attended it, remarked that he believed they “ really should have a revival.” “ Believe,” replied Mr. Hidden, “ I have no belief about it. I know we shall have one. And it is here now. I prayed all

last night, and God has removed every doubt. I have the *assurance* that all these souls will be converted." Prayer meetings were held every evening in the week—These were crowded. The principal business for some months was prayer and religious conversation. Whole nights were spent in supplication and singing praises to God. They went from house to house, telling what God had done for their souls. Mr. Hidden's house was crowded with anxious inquirers. He removed their doubts. He led them to the Lamb of God. Thus the work progressed until it extended over the whole town. It pervaded almost every heart. Not only did Tamworth enjoy this glorious work of grace but it extended to Conway, Eaton, Ossipee, Moultonborough and Sandwich. Some of these towns shared largely in it. During the whole revival he had no assistance from abroad. He preached on the Sabbath and often during the week in various parts of the town. A few Sabbaths

however, such was the deep feeling which prevailed, the people did not desire preaching. They spent these days in prayer, exhortation, singing and in rehearsing God's goodness to their souls. This revival was characterized by great depth of feeling without any unnatural excitement. The people were calm and resolved. They felt that they were acting for eternity. It was also characterized by permanency of interest. Of the subjects of this revival it is remarked very few went back into the ways of the world but by their lives have shown this work to be of God. The fruits of this revival were nearly *three hundred* converts, about *two hundred* of whom subsequently united with the Congregational church in Tamworth, others with churches in the surrounding towns, and some went to other denominations.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. Hidden written after this revival cannot fail to interest the reader.

“The revival which we have just enjoyed seems to astonish some. I am not astonished at all. It is just what we had reason to expect. Christians don’t open their arms wide enough. They should expect great things. According to the desire of thy heart be it unto thee, is the only limit I find. Why should we expect small things when Christ has paid so great a ransom? What we have witnessed is only an earnest of what God is about to do for his Church. Our revival has been a glorious work. Sinners have been saved and Christ glorified. Be all the glory his. His is the work. We have done nothing. We have been only the instruments in his hands. Blessed be God, that he has condescended to make use of such unworthy means. I can’t be half thankful enough that God has made use of me (as I trust he has) in the salvation of these precious souls. For four months past I have preached almost every day. Every moment of my time has been occupied in

leading souls to Christ. But amidst all these labors I think I am growing fleshy. It does me good to preach ! The work is delightful !

“Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.”

I have scarcely felt the need of food or rest since our revival commenced. Prayer is food enough. Oh, I desire to die praying and praising God. Our revival commenced in prayer and was continued in prayer. Prayer literally moves God's hand. It will be the great means under God of the world's salvation. Praying breath is never spent in vain. We have realized the truth of this. Nearly three hundred souls have been converted. Nearly two hundred have joined this church. Is not this a glorious work ? This is the work of the Spirit. We have had no excitement, no noise. All has been

calm, solemn, glorious. The work is almost complete. But, Oh my soul, what will become of those who have remained unreconciled to God? I know not how they can ever expect to be converted after resisting so long! But God's mercy is unbounded. Spare them Almighty God "

The influence of this revival upon the Church and town has not ceased to be felt. The amount of good which has, and will result from it is incalculable. The aspect of the whole town was changed. The morals were improved. Industry was encouraged and education advanced. This work did not cease at once even in its special manifestations. The drops of divine grace were distilled from time to time throughout the whole year. Prayer meetings were regularly attended and Christians grew in grace. Harmony pervaded the church until the close of 1805, when Mr. Hidden complained that he did not receive his salary as stipulated. They were tardy in payments. He was

sometimes distressed for means of support. It grieved him that a people so distinguished with special mercy should be negligent in supplying the necessities of their spiritual guide. Besides this, they were practicing a fraud which he felt bound to rebuke. It will be recollected that in the proposals made to Mr. Hidden, it was stipulated that after a certain number of years his salary should be fifty pounds yearly. Three pounds were to be "paid in cash ; twenty three pounds ten shillings in good merchantable beef at eighteen shillings per hundred and the remaining twenty-three pounds ten shillings in corn at three shillings, rye at four and wheat, five shillings the bushel." But when these articles would sell for more than the stipulated price they paid him the money, and when they sold for less they brought him produce. For instance, corn was stipulated at three shillings per bushel ; but when it was six shillings, (which was often the case) they would, instead of the

corn, bring three shillings. Thus Mr. Hidden would receive only half his due. The same was often the case with the other articles specified. He deemed this a species of iniquity and condemned it. He felt that he was indulging them in a speculation obnoxious to their spiritual interest and offensive in the sight of God. Finding that stern rebukes failed to remedy the evil he announced his resolution, unless a remedy could be devised, at once to absolve the relation which existed between them as pastor and people. This was no rash act on his part. He had made it a subject of earnest prayer. He loved the people. He looked upon most of the town as his spiritual children. He felt that his interest was identified with theirs. It sorely grieved his heart to find the people whom he cherished with his warmest affections so regardless of justice, of their own interest and his feelings.

They, finding that they must loose their Minister unless something was effected, at

their annual meeting, March 11, 1806, chose a committee to devise some change in the mode of paying his salary. This committee, actuated by motives honorable to themselves, made an estimate of the average value of the articles of produce specified in the contract, together with the "three pounds in cash," and found it to be two hundred and one dollars. They made a report at the same meeting and it was unanimously voted that from that time Mr. Hidden's salary should be two hundred and one dollars in lawful money in lieu of the old contract. This vote was announced to Mr. Hidden. It met his approbation. Before the assembled town he returned thanks to Almighty God for this act of justice. He exclaimed, "This is the happiest moment of my life! I am not to be severed from my spiritual children and the people whom I love." Said he to the memorialist many years after this transaction, "I laid awake all that night, I was so thankful that a reconciliation had

been effected. If I had left, it would have rent asunder the tenderest ties that ever bound minister to his people. It would have been a severing of a part of the body. For I conceive myself identified with my people, one and inseperable, till death divides us." "Ah!" exclaimed he, "death won't effect a long seperation. We shall be united in heaven!" Never perhaps did man love his church and people more. It was his delight to do them good; to see them prosper in things spiritual and temporal.

At this time religion in the church was at a low ebb. The high-toned piety of 1800, had degenerated. The prayer meetings were neglected. Many ceased to tread Zion's courts. A worldly spirit crept into the church, and Mr. Hidden was "appointed by the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North-America, a Missionary for Districts No. 2, 3, 4, in Maine, for two months. The

“Journal of his proceedings,” in which he recorded “the baptisms administered, the churches organized, the schools established, the books distributed, the monies received, and in short, all transactions and occurrences of interest,” I have been unable to obtain. His absence, however, was sufficiently long to teach his church the worth of his services among them. His tour was productive of great good. On his return, lamenting the low state of religion in the church, he, after some consultation, appointed a day of fasting and prayer. Said he in giving out this appointment, “Brethren, we have got down, not in the valley of humiliation, but in the valley of spiritual death! Now let us come together and pray ourselves out of it. Prayer is the only instrument that can extricate us. If we remain here longer the Devil will cover us all over with filth! Brethren, do let us pray!” This day was generally observed by the church. A deep interest pervaded the meet-

ing. Many who had absented themselves from the special meetings of the church were present. Their hearts warmed. Their first love returned. There was a shaking among the dry bones. The valley of death teemed with life. The church began spontaneously to visit each other. They went from house to house, praying and exhorting. Prayer meetings were commenced anew, and all the means of grace were cheerfully observed. Soon the voice of joy was heard. Souls were born into the kingdom of Christ. Said a subject of this revival, to the memorialist, "One Sabbath Mr. Hidden preached from Gen. 6: 3. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He showed the danger of resisting God's Spirit and that there was a point beyond which his patience would not extend. He applied it to those present and exhorted us to fear lest we should provoke the Spirit to depart forever. Never shall I forget that sermon." Said he, "I thought he was personally address-

ing his words to me and I trembled before God. I could not sit still upon my seat. My anguish of spirit was almost insupportable. “Now,” said Mr. Hidden, “what is to be done? The Spirit is hovering over you—is knocking at the door of your heart, saying, Open to me: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. Turn you at my reproof; behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you! Will you give heed to this voice, turn and live? If you do not, *remember* that God will say unto you, ‘Because I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Oh the awful condition of a soul forsaken of God! Harken, and your soul shall live. This day repent. Defer it not until to-morrow: then your spirit may

be in hell ! Come, sinner, are you ready ?”

Such were the melting appeals which he was accustomed to address to his audience. They always reached the heart. He preached “*at men not around them.*” Ordinary means of grace were the only means used in this revival. It was consequent upon prayer and preaching God’s word. As the fruits of this revival nineteen males and ten females were admitted to the church. The effects of this display of divine grace were permanent. The church was strengthened and roused to action. The salutary effects of a revival in a church should never be estimated only from the number of conversions in a given time. We should also take into consideration the deeper tone of piety occasioned in the church and the improvement of society generally.

A lively interest from this time in religion was continued until 1811, when the church was again visited with the special presence of the Spirit. Perhaps this revival should

be regarded as a continuation of the one enjoyed in 1809 and 1810. In this the female portion of the community seem to have been the special subjects. Twenty eight were added to the church.

Up to 1813, the town and church had enjoyed a great degree of prosperity. But this year they were called to witness the ravages of the Spotted Fever. This broke out early in the year and spread over a large portion of the State. This epidemic was very malignant. In some places men died almost instantly in their fields, or wherever they chanced to be ! No warning was allowed them. They died and were buried in the same apparel. Putrefaction was so rapid that the living dared not afford a winding sheet. The mother saw the infant blossom perish upon her bosom. The strong man bowed and the fearless was struck with dismay. Merriment was changed to lamentation. The dead and the dying were seen on every hand.

May 13th, 1813, a special Town Meeting was called in which it was voted, "that the town provide medical aid and medicine, if the spotted fever, which now prevails in other towns, shall prevail in Tamworth." The greatest anxiety was experienced. The victims of this disease in Moultonborough, Sandwich, and elsewhere, were falling in great numbers. At length it entered the town "in all its native ugliness." Scarcely a family escaped a visit from this destroyer of men. Before him beauty faded, health fled, muscles stiffened, the streams of life ceased to flow. Mr. Hidden fearlessly "walked amidst the shadows of death and found them not shadows." He administered comfort, temporal and spiritual. He chid their murmurings; bade them be calm and ready to meet the "grim messenger." What he wished others to be he was himself. Soon he was called to struggle with this emisary of death. The combat was

violent and for some days doubtful. But through the mercy of God he prevailed. He was raised up to continue a blessing to the church and people of his charge, though he suffered even to his death with a disease in one limb which was occasioned by this fever.

Opportunity was here afforded him to witness the sustaining influence of religion on those who had been converted through his instrumentality. The lambs that he had gathered into the fold sickened and died, but experienced in their latest moments "peace which passeth understanding." He was often heard to say, "well, these lambs are now under the care of a Shepherd more faithful than I. Oh, how sweetly they will sing glory to God and the Lamb! They will ascribe all the glory of their salvation to Jesus who has washed them in his blood. In his presence they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the

Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Said he to a mother lamenting the death of a beloved child, “ Why do you weep ? There is no fever where Mary is gone ! The spots which we see here are all washed off by Jesus’ blood ! She looks as white as an angel now ! You will hardly recognize her when you get to heaven, she will look so glorious. She is making more music there than you and I both can make here.”

This event cast a gloom over the church and town. Sorrow, and almost despair were depicted on many a countenance ; but he was ever cheerful.

“ He allured to brighter worlds and led the way.”

The effects of this epidemic had not ceased to be felt when the “ cold seasons” of 1815, 1816, and 1817, came on. This, though it wore not so frightful an aspect as

the Spotted Fever, was in the end more distressing. Though the victims of famine fell not as suddenly, nevertheless as surely. Great suffering was experienced through the whole country. The famine was sore in the land" and men knew not where "to buy corn." There was no Egypt into which they might "go down." No large "store houses" were to be opened. The cold was excessive and the little that grew was not suffered to ripen. The frost blasted every green thing. This was emphatically true in Tamworth. The town was yet new. Many families had just begun to make settlements and were dependent upon older farmers for bread. No stores of provisions had been laid up for such an emergency. The neighboring towns were in nearly the same condition. Consequently they were obliged to procure corn and other grains from Portsmouth, Exeter, Gilmanton, Canterbury, and places still more remote.

Destitute of money, they were forced to go thirty, and even forty miles with sythes and other agricultural implements and labor for corn, and then carry it home to their half starving families, on their backs. A day's hard labor would sometimes procure only a peck of corn. Many a man was glad to labor a whole day for a half bushel of potatoes. Many families lived chiefly on berries for weeks together. Wheat flour sold for eighteen dollars per bushel, rye for ten. Such was the distress that the town was obliged to procure corn for the sufferers, dealing it out to the most needy. This they were obliged to do three successive years.

In the sufferers Mr. Hidden took a deep interest. Rarely does a Congregational minister have the good fortune to be able to relieve the necessities of his parishoners. But he had a good farm which yielded more bountifully than some others. He was ready to divide his last meal. The needy

always found in him "a pitying friend," a heart to sympathize, and a hand to bestow where ought could be found. He assisted the poor in the payment of their taxes by allowing them to labor on his farm. He labored with his own hands, thus setting his people an example of industry. Special fasts were observed by the church. The appeals at the throne of mercy were solemn and not to be denied. They "prayed with heart and soul."

At length the dawn of happier days appeared. The warm and genial rays of the sun fructified the earth and their hearts were filled "with food and gladness." Hill and valley rang with joyful acclamations. Public thanks were offered and many a wretched hovel bore witness to the heart-felt gratitude of its lean occupants.

CHAPTER VII.

Revivals—Protracted meetings—His influence — Ossipee — Sandwich — North Sandwich.

We have now followed Mr. Hidden through a period of about sixty-two years ; thirty of which are identified with the church, of which he was pastor. This is the most eventful period of his life, though not the most interesting perhaps. It was full of "stirring incidents." The struggles of his youth, his hardships in war, the temptations of a College, his conversion to God—his zeal in entering the sacred ministry ;—his call into the wilderness to lead a little band of Christians, his trials and labors, in a newly settled town, his extensive revivals, and the marked success of his labors are of

no ordinary interest. His life was not one of inactivity and ease. He loved to labor in the service of Christ. How far his endeavors to save immortal spirits were blessed we have already seen. We are now to notice farther displays of God's grace.

Since 1811, the church witnessed no special token of divine mercy. The town had suffered more than language can paint from the ravages of the Spotted Fever and "lean famine." The heavens were brass, over their heads. The air was infected with vapors of death. The earth was cold and barren. The sun withheld its genial rays. There was no bow of mercy, or star of hope. But at length hope revived and the church put on her "beautiful garments." The year 1822, opened with brighter prospects.

Mr. Hidden up to this time had labored with his characteristic zeal. Finding that no drops of mercy descended, that the church had settled down into a cold and lifeless state, he, at times felt almost to de-

spond. But he was not a man to yield to such a feeling. It was not in his nature. Besides, he had witnessed too signal displays of God's grace to distrust his promises. A member of his church about this time lamenting the apathy which prevailed in the community, and fearing "the Spirit had departed," "Why, brother," said he, "has not God promised to hear prayer? He is trying your faith. He loves to have his children pray *long*; because it does *them good*. If he always answered prayer immediately, his people would not pray at all, the blessing would come so easy. Go and pray, brother. Pray till you get tired and see if he won't hear you. His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, nor his arm shortened that it cannot save. I really believe if two or three members of this church would intercede at the throne of sovereign mercy we should have another revival."

A few pious females at this time were in the habit of meeting to converse on religious

subjects and to pray for a revival. "Now," said Mr. Hidden on learning this, "we shall have a revival ; for when the women pray neither God nor man can resist. Oh ! these praying mothers will do more towards inducing the Spirit to visit us than all the rest." An aged mother in Israel called on him one day for religious conversation and said, "I know not what is to be done ; we are in so cold a state." "Done !" replied he, "why keep on importuning. You women are great hands to importune. God will not be angry with you. This is all you have got to do. God will visit us. I feel assured of it. We must have patience and carry our complaints to Jesus. He knows what is best for us."

About this time a man was suddenly sent into eternity by the fall of a tree. He had lived without God in the world and was now sent into eternity without a moment's warning. It created a deep sensation in the community. Mr. Hidden im-

proved the occasion and endeavored to deepen the feeling. The church were deeply affected, and impenitent men felt the uncertainty of life and the awful destiny that awaited the ungodly. A meeting of the church was held, in which they confessed their sins one to another and asked forgiveness. Mr. Hidden was accustomed to remark that it was useless to expect a revival until the church could confess to each other their faults. Said he, "if they don't confess them to each other they will not to God." At this church meeting he said, "Now brethren and sisters, we have got to work hard to get back where we were eight years since. But we can get back; God will help us and we shall feel enough better when we get where we ought to be to pay us for our pains."

The church was soon roused to activity. Said Mr. Hidden, "This was literally a revival of the church. This is what constitutes a revival, viz. to have every member

of the church alive to duty." But this work of grace was by no means confined to the church. There were not less than fifty hopeful conversions; more than thirty of whom joined his church; the rest went to other churches. This season of mercy was enjoyed with deep gratitude by Mr. Hidden. His joy at the conversion of a sinner was unbounded. A thank offering was continually made to God. No man ever felt more the necessity of the Spirit in the conversion of the soul. He had no confidence in means only so far as the Spirit's influence attended them.

A good degree of interest was preserved in the church till 1827, when another shower of mercy descended to make glad the church of God. This was a season of great interest. There were about thirty hopeful conversions to Christ.

In 1829, he enjoyed another revival. This work of grace began in the centre of the town. A young man had attended

school at Newhampton and while there experienced the influence of divine grace. He returned late in the autumn with a strong desire to do good, to lead his friends and associates to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ. Prayer meetings were commenced through his instrumentality and many were induced to attend. Mr. Hidden improved every opportunity to deepen the impression already begun and roused the church to prayer and effort. The interest increased. The whole congregation were deeply affected. Never did they wrestle harder at the throne of grace than at this time. In the church were some who had sustained their pastor from almost his first settlement. They had witnessed many a refreshing from the Spirit of the Lord. They felt that this would be the last work of divine grace they might ever witness this side eternity. Many, fervent and importunate were the prayers they addressed to heaven. So deep was the feeling that, for several Sabbaths, the after-

noons were spent in prayer and conversation with those who were solicitous for the salvation of their souls. For many months, meetings for inquiry were held. In these Mr. Hidden seemed more like an inhabitant of heaven than like mortal. He was filled with rapturous joy. He felt a permanent and lively interest in the young. This work of mercy was confined almost exclusively to them. To see the lambs over whom he had watched coming into the fold of Christ filled him with holy emotions.

This work continued through the winter of 1829, and spring of 1830. It resulted in the salvation of thirty, or forty souls, most of whom united with the church soon after.

In 1831, the church had another season of spiritual interest. A *protracted meeting*, was held in the early part of the summer in which Mr. Hidden was assisted by clergymen from neighboring towns. This was the first time he ever resorted to unusual

means of grace, or received special aid from abroad. Hitherto his people had listened to the truths of the Bible ; believed them and were saved. Though himself of a sanguine temperament, he sedulously guarded against any unnatural excitement of the passions. He taught his people to discriminate between the transient emotions of nature and the deep and permanent workings of the Holy Spirit. He appealed to reason, to common sense. At this time *protracted meetings* had been held in various places and attended with signal success. After much deliberation and earnest prayer on the part of the church and pastor, a season for this purpose was designated. The church had opened their hearts wide. They had strong faith. Their prayers were importunate. They employed every means for preparing the way of the Lord. At the appointed season people came from all parts of the town and from neighboring towns also. The house was crowded with those anxious

to hear the truth and gain the salvation of their souls through Jesus Christ. Sermons adapted to the occasion, were preached and set home to the heart and conscience. Prayers were offered in faith. The Spirit descended and many leaped for joy. They found peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost.

The result of this meeting was glorious. Not less than fifty were hopefully converted, though only about thirty subsequently united with the church. The rest united with other churches in neighboring towns.

In the autumn of the following year, a similar meeting was held ; but the result of it was by no means equal to the preceding. The church however was benefited thereby. Some drops of mercy distilled. The hearts of Christians were warmed. Their graces were revived. The church grew and multiplied.

In recording the revivals which Mr. Hidden witnessed in his church, we have allud-

ed to those only of marked importance. There were others of less note in which the mercy of God was displayed. His church was a church of *revivals*. We doubt if any other enjoyed more in the same period of time. It was always made the occasion of special prayer if the church did not experience the Spirit's special influence. Mr. Hidden was never satisfied with preaching from year to year and not see the word set home to the heart and conscience. He always felt that something was wrong in the pastor or church. He endeavored to examine his own heart and life, and humble himself before God. His closet witnessed his tears of contrition, and his strong aspirations for more holiness, nearer conformity to the will of heaven. He endeavored to be like his blessed Master, and to make the members of his church eminent for holiness. Lukewarmness and apathy found no countenance with him. He felt that no church had a right to be considered the church of

Christ if his Spirit dwelt not in it. Consequently he acted on this principle, and revival followed revival in quick succession.

Nor are we to judge of the extent of his influence and usefulness from the revivals in his own church and the number added thereto. His influence was by no means limited to his own people. It is true, more than five hundred were added to his church who had been converted through his instrumentality. But this is not half the number of those who believed on Christ through his preaching. His influence was felt over a large extent of territory. He was the great Apostle in all that region in which he dwelt. He was the sun around which lesser planets harmoniously revolved. When he settled in Tamworth there was no church in Eaton, Ossipee, Effingham, Newfield, or Sandwich. He was consequently the only Congregational preacher for all these towns. They looked upon him as their spiritual guide. They resorted to his meetings. He went

from town to town preaching "the word." Occasional Sabbaths were spent in these places. But during the week he preached in private houses and school houses, or barns. It was his common practice to ride ten, or fifteen miles, once or twice a week to preach in these destitute places. Thus he was rearing up churches in the wilderness. He had here Christians zealous for the honor of Christ.

Ossipee.

In 1806, a church was gathered in Ossipee through the influence of Mr. Hidden, consisting of twenty members. To this number there were added subsequently about forty through his instrumentality. This infant church, surrounded by foes and beset by temptations, he fostered with the same care a mother bestows upon her infant child. As often as duty would allow he broke to them the bread of life. He visited the

members of the church, strengthened their resolutions and exhorted them to stand fast in the Lord. He often came among them unexpectedly, and calling on some beloved family would exclaim with a hearty shake of the hand, "Well, I have come to preach to you. Come, where shall we hold the meeting, here at your house, or at some other place? We must make haste, I must return to-night; but I can't go without preaching with you." Forthwith the whole neighborhood would be in agitation; men would leave their fields, and women their dairies "to hear the good man preach." The house would soon be crowded and he would preach with demonstration and power. These meetings were of a most interesting character. The people came together spontaneously, literally "hungry for preaching." It did them good. Their faith was strengthened. Their hopes confirmed. They had a foretaste of heaven. Mr. Hidden felt these to be most precious seasons to his own

spirit. He would often say, after having preached on such occasion, "There, I feel better. Preaching does me good."

He inspired a deep reverence in all who saw him. They felt he was the messenger of God, a prophet of the Most High. They felt too that he was their *spiritual* friend.

At one time going into Ossipee to preach, he passed some men laboring near the roadside. They saw him passing and took off their hats in token of respect. One man however did not observe him until he had passed beyond him. He felt that he had offered an indignity to the man of God. How to atone for it he knew not. But observing Mr. Hidden to stop some ways beyond to converse with a stranger, he ran along the field beyond him and there busied himself in some mock-labor until he should pass by. Soon he rode up and the man made a most respectful bow, "hat in hand." "Why," said Mr. Hidden, "I thought I saw you back there just now." He spoke

this with such a penetrating look and archness of meaning that the man thought he was betrayed and, with blushes, confessed the whole.

At another time passing a school house in which he sometimes preached, the pupils besought their instructress to permit them to meet "the minister," seeing him upon rising ground. Permission was granted. They in silence and with modest smiles, took their stand on either side of the road; and as he passed bowed and courtesied. This scene deeply affected Mr. Hidden. He lighted from his horse and blessed the little immortals and commended them to God in a most fervent prayer.

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."

So well did the people know that he came among them only to preach and pray,

that once passing through the town on his way to some more remote place, the people seeing him, followed, supposing he would preach at a certain house. It is true, he called at this house but only to inquire after health. But they came in and besought him to preach. This was just what he wished, but did not expect. He preached and was obliged to ride in the night as a consequence.

Having at one time appointed a meeting at a private house and the people being assembled, he called for a Bible. The man was a miser and consequently thought more of a bright dollar than of a new Bible. He however presented Mr. Hidden with an apology for a Bible. Its leaves were shattered and a considerable portion of it gone. That part in which he had selected his text, before leaving home, was torn out. "Have you not a whole Bible?" asked Mr. Hidden. "*There* is as much as you will be able to preach from to-day," stammered the

man. He thought there was truth in the remark and selected another text without gainsaying.

September, 1829, this church settled a pastor. Few in number and limited in resources they were obliged to make sacrifices. They did it cheerfully. Any plan suggested by him met their cordial approbation. They had already erected a convenient house, at the dedication of which he preached, and now they selected one to be their spiritual guide. This was the occasion of great joy to him. He felt how much they needed some one to minister unto them in spiritual things continually. The church multiplied and the cause of Christ prospered. But they never loved Mr. Hidden the less. They looked upon him as their father. They sought his counsel in all difficult cases. They abided by his decisions. He never withdrew his care from them. In the revivals which the church afterwards enjoyed he was present. The Lord added unto the

church daily such as were ordained unto life. In relating their experiences, it is remarked, that almost all referred their first religious impressions to some sermon he had preached, prayer offered, or some precious word he had spoken.

The difficulties which the church afterwards experienced occasioned unspeakable sorrow. For whole nights he gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids. He prayed that the divisions might be healed and that he who had been constituted their spiritual guide might prove in heart and life what he had pledged himself to be. But in this his hopes were blasted. Said he, "I have never had my heart wrung with such anguish in all the trials I have witnessed. This is a bitter cup. It seems as though the Lord was making a trial of my faith."

The church however was preserved. It has since experienced the displays of divine grace. They have continued to enjoy the

preached word. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad for those,

“ Who stand on Zion’s hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !”

Sandwich.

Sandwich, like Ossipee, had been destitute of a church until 1814, and without a settled ministry, until 1827. This was also the field of Mr. Hidden’s usefulness and labors. With no Congregational preacher, they were accustomed to ride ten miles, or more, to attend his preaching. His influence on this town was great. The revivals which commenced at home extended here. He spent occasional Sabbaths with them and often preached during the week. They welcomed him as their spiritual guide. They joyed at his approach and wept at his departure. All sought his company.

He had here some choice spirits who loved him as their life. Their houses were ever open for his reception. He went among them to labor. He preached in barns, school houses and private dwellings. They hastened to the place of worship. They were fed with heavenly manna. Said Mr. Hidden, "I love to preach to the people of Sandwich, they love preaching so well."

In 1814, a church was gathered through his influence in connexion with the Missionary labor and influence of Rev. William Cogswell. He administered to them the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He exhorted them to be united and steadfast in the Lord. He cherished this little flock with his warmest affections. He conceived them to be a branch of his own family. He warned them of their danger. He established them in the faith. He fed them with spiritual food. He endeavored to train them for higher and holier scenes in heaven.

“ And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

He saw this little church at length able to settle a pastor. He rejoiced that they were to have a shepherd to lead them in green pastures and by still waters. For this he had long prayed. They had already erected a house of worship and dedicated it to Almighty God, he preaching on the occasion. In 1827, a pastor was installed over this infant church. It has since enjoyed the outpourings of the Spirit. Its numbers greatly increased. During his whole life he continued to exercise a parental care over it. In their seasons of revivals he was there. His presence was deemed indispensable. The people almost felt that nothing could be done without him ; that no man's prayers prevailed like his at the court of heaven.

In a sermon of his preached before this

church and people he holds the following language.

“To you my brethren and sisters I must address a few words. The Lord has wonderfully preserved you. He has blessed you even beyond what you had anticipated. To you this is an interesting occasion. You have one now to break unto you continually the bread of life. He will feed you with knowledge and understanding. He will counsel you in trials. He will administer consolation under affliction. He will visit you in sickness and pray for your souls. Yes, my brethren, he will preach your funeral sermons ! When the soul has gone to its reward he will tell of your deeds and console those left to mourn. This is a sad office. Oh, how sad, if the soul departs unreconciled to God !

It becomes you first to pray for yourselves and pastor. Prayer must not be neglected. The prophets prayed and God heard them. The Apostles and Martyrs prayed and God

heard them too. You pray in faith and you shall be heard. You should pray lest you fall into temptation, lest you become cold in your affections. You should pray for your pastor. He needs your prayers. Pray that he may be guided into all truth; that he may have wisdom to direct his steps; that he may go in and out before you in all sincerity and love.

You should pray for union. Union is strength. United, you stand; divided, you fall. Oh! if disunion and discord, wranglings and hard feelings creep into this church, God only knows the baneful effects which will result! Stand ye firm and immovable. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Let it ever be said, "see how these Christians love one another. God is a God of union. He frowns on him who rends and divides. If you have hard feelings go right to the throne of mercy and banish them. Let love be without dissimulation.

Oh, my brethren, I rejoice with fear and trembling for this church. You are my children in Christ. I have preached unto you the gospel, and I have tried to feed you with such meat as was suited to your wants. I have been with you in prosperity and in adversity. I have stood by your sick beds and administered the consolations of the gospel. I have sprinkled holy water upon you in baptism and have heard you covenant before men and God to be his forever. I have prayed for you and your children. And now I am old, gray headed. My days are almost numbered. I must soon stand before God in judgment. Oh, shall it be found that the blood of any of you is upon my skirts! God forbid. Shall any of you upon whom I have invoked the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, fail to meet me in heaven? Brethren, this is an awful reflection! I tremble while I stand in this sacred desk and look around on these precious souls, and think of the awful

scenes of the judgment day. There pastors and people, parents and children, will be separated forever! Oh, the thought of such a separation! Let it not be so with us. God is my witness that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers. I now commend you to God and the word of his grace. Pray, brethren. Do pray. God will hear your prayers. And we shall get to heaven at length through Jesus Christ strengthening us."

Such was his love for this people and such his apprehensions. How far the latter have been verified time has shown. But this much is certain, his love for them was deep and pervading. Well may his memory be dear to this people. Well may they cherish it. He first loved them. He first taught them to lisp the name of Jesus. Ungrateful must they now be to forget the warmest friend, the safest guide, the unerring counsellor, and the humblest Christian. Let them venerate his name, perpetuate his

memory, listen to his advice, follow his example, and seek to meet him in heaven. This was the burden of his prayers. He prayed long for them. His closet witnessed his devotion, and his tears. The very paper on which he penned the words we have just quoted was bedewed with his tears. Indications of them are on every page. Precious tears were those! They were all seen by God himself. They had their rise in a soul whose love was deep, almost boundless. They gushed from an overflowing heart. The sympathies of his nature were all warmly enlisted. He saw the dangers that beset this little band he had cherished. But he weeps no more!

North Sandwich.

This little church is situated in the northern part of Sandwich, about six miles from the one we have just mentioned. Formerly it was united to the other, but in 1832, it

was formed into a distinct church. Hitherto it has united with that in the support of the ministry, one pastor being settled over both churches. This enjoyed preaching one third of the time. This church is located in an isolated spot, surrounded almost by an amphitheatre of mountains and hills. Here Mr. Hidden was early accustomed to preach. Here lived a little band of kindred spirits. Announcing his intention to preach, the information was soon given to all the families.

“ With ready zeal each honest rustic ran,”

to hear proclaimed the truths which were spirit and life to his soul. He trained up a little band for heaven.

“ A skilful workman he

In God's great moral vineyard ; what to prune
With cautious hand he knew, what to uproot ;
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants
Which had unfading vigor in them, knew ;
Nor knew alone, but watched them night and day,
And reared and nourished them, till fit to be
Transplanted to the Paradise above.”

One time having an appointment to preach at this place and assaying to go there, found the road blocked up with snow. Consequently he called on a family with whom he was partially acquainted, told them what his business was and said, "why can't we have preaching here? I can't get there. Come, call in your neighbors and I will preach." They cheerfully acceded to the proposal and as many came as circumstances would allow. Some months after a man came to him in great anguish of spirit to know what he should do to be saved. Said he, I "have not had a moment's peace since you preached in our neighborhood. I am bowed down to the earth. Tell me, Sir, what I must do." Mr. Hidden directed him to the Lamb of God and commended him to God at the throne of grace. "Now," said he, "pray for yourself." He did so and left the house a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hidden, "I never

thought of any good coming from that meeting, yet God has saved an immortal spirit by means of it."

He ever cherished a parental regard for this little church. He preached here occasionally until his death.

Thus we see Mr. Hidden planting these little *colonies*. He fostered them by his prayers and labors. He had no desire to build up one church only ; his views were broad. He saw that by planting those little *colonies* they would become flourishing churches with places of worship dedicated to Almighty God and those to watch for their souls as they that must give an account. He foresaw that in future years glorious revivals would be witnessed in them. This proved to be the fact. Great have been the results ; greater than others could have anticipated. It must have been a source of great delight to Mr. Hidden's pious heart, to see these little churches planted in the wilderness increasing in numbers,

growing in influence and giving indications of future greatness. But he ever felt that, though he had planted and watered, it was God who gave the increase.

CHAPTER VIII.

His interest in education—Knowledge of the classics—His interest in the young—His patriotism—Benevolence—Familiarity with others—Cheerfulness.

Hitherto we have spoken of Mr. Hidden only in connection with his own church and other churches planted through his instrumentality.

We are now to speak of him in his other departments of labor and influence.

Mr. Hidden took a lively interest in the education of the rising generation. When he came to Tamworth but little progress had been made. There were but four school houses in the town. The amount of money for the support of these was small. The inhabitants generally were too much

engrossed in the cares incident to a new country, to do much for the instruction of their children who could not be spared from labor without great sacrifices and when they might be spared often no competent teacher was to be found. From the several acts of the town it appears they were ready to make what sacrifices might be made. School houses were early erected, and teachers employed so far as circumstances would allow.

Mr. Hidden gave a new impulse. He early engaged in teaching. This he did with a special reference to qualifying young ladies and gentlemen for the important and responsible duties of teachers. These were what the town at that time most needed. He soon raised up teachers well qualified to instruct in the rudiments of education. Schools multiplied and a general interest was felt by the people. Previous to this various superstitions prevailed among the inhabitants such as are natural to a new settle-

ment and such eventful periods. But—

“ Where’er he went,
This lesson still he taught, To fear no ill
But sin, no being but Almighty God.”

He induced the town to devise more liberal measures for the support of common schools. Accordingly they raised more money than the law required. He had the care of all the schools. He stimulated the pupils to more vigorous study by holding up to them characters worthy their imitation ; by unfolding to them the destinies that awaited ; by pointing out a life of honorable deeds as the legitimate result of close application to study in youth, and by reminding them of the claims which their parents had to their unremitted toil. He always made these visits cheerful and interesting.

During the seasons in which the common schools were not in operation he opened

his own house and instructed classes in the various branches of education.

The following has been kindly prepared for this work by a gentleman who enjoyed his instruction.

“ Agreeably to your request I seat myself to pen you a few thoughts relative to the character of Mr. Hidden’s instruction. I would therefore ask you to imagine yourself seated in his reception room with a class of ten or fifteen pupils.

During the whole recitation he seems absorbed in reflections of a solemn nature. He feels that a great responsibility is resting upon him ; that he is moulding characters for eternity ; shaping their destinies. Will these grow up to be useful members in society ? Will they guard well the liberties of their country, purchased with blood, when we who are now acting our part, are sleeping beneath the clod ? Will these become firm pillars in the spiritual temple of the Lord Almighty ? Will they adhere to the

faith of their fathers and sustain the precious ordinances of the gospel? Or will they prove recreant to their highest interest? Prove a curse to their country and a scourge to the church? Will they finally be admitted to God's right hand and spend an eternity in celebrating the wonders of redeeming love—

“Sing loud, and wave
Their palms of triumphs! sing where is thy sting,
O Death! Where is thy victory, O grave!
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Or shall they sink to a night of eternal wailing? Such seem to be the thoughts that occupied his mind. We saw him—

“Burning with love to souls,
Unquenchable, and mindful still of his
Great charge and vast responsibility.”

He ever seemed to feel that he was transacting business for eternity and to do good was his chief delight. As a teacher I think

he must have been quite accurate. With the classics he was very familiar. He understood the philosophy of language. The Greek and Latin were favorite studies. He never laid them aside ; but rather grew in the knowledge of them. Never shall I forget the interest with which I read Virgil to him. This Latin poet was perfectly familiar to him. He had an exhaustless fund of anecdotes and illustrations wherewith to render perspicuous every sentiment. He carried us back to the time of the great poet of nature and we seemed to live amidst the scenes of which he sung. We mingled in the strife of war, the din of battles, the rustic dance and the hall of merriment. Heroic valor was there ; Herculean strength ; undying love of liberty, friendship's silken ties. These were stirring scenes for our youthful spirits. He took delight in witnessing the youthful eye sparkle with joy and the countenance radiant with hope. He endeavored to make this author beloved by

us. He succeeded. We vowed eternal friendship for the bard that could throw such a charm over the dull realities of life, and gild nature with such gorgeous tints.

Not less interesting did he make our recitations in Cicero. The history of Greece and Rome were at his command. Every battle fought, every victory won or lost; every interesting anecdote of statesmen, poets, and orators were all familiar. His memory was a store-house of whatever had been heroically done or felicitously said. The facts of their history, the deeds of their heroes, the philosophy of their sages, were all treasured up. The thoughts that breathe and words that burn were at his command. He entered into the spirit of the author; pointed out the beauties. When the great orator frowned upon the traitor Cataline, he,

“Frowning now indignantly, seemed
As if offended Justice, from his eye,
Streamed forth vindictive wrath !”

I have never seen a man who could speak the sentiments of his heart so well with his eye, and the expression of his countenance. If he could not give us the exact shade of meaning by words, he would read the original and we watch his countenance, and the truth was made plain.

He read the Greek with great fluency. In reading the Testament, all the powers of his great mind were brought into action. Of the genius and philosophy of the language, he was complete master. But the great truths it revealed inspired the most elevated thoughts and the deepest veneration. The difficult parts he elucidated by happy illustrations from nature. His comments partook of a profundity of theological knowledge rarely surpassed. I have ever wondered at the extent of his views and the vastness of his comprehension.

“ His intellectual strength
And knowledge vast, to men of lesser minds
Seemed infinite ; yet, from his high pursuits,

And reasonings most profound, he still returned
Home, with an humbler and warmer heart ;
And none so lowly bowed before his God."

Had he been placed in different circumstances ; had God cast his lot where—

" Thought meeting thought, and thought awakening
thought
And mingling still with thought,"

he would have shown a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of literary men. He possessed a giant intellect. His thoughts were profound ; his perception quick ; he surveyed vast regions at once. His analytical powers were unsurpassed. His imagination was lively ; his memory vast, his judgment deep. He had all the elements of a great mind. He had studied human nature with great accuracy. He looked

——" Far down

Into the heart, where passion wove a web
Of thousand, thousand threads, in grain and hue
All different."

But God shapes the destinies of men. He planted him in the wilderness to make it vocal with praise. His influence, in the wilderness though he might be, was greater than that of almost any other man. Eternity will only reveal its extent. But let it ever be remembered that his—

“Main design,
In all his contemplations, was to trace,
The wisdom, providence, and love of God,
And to his fellows, less observant, show
Them forth.”

Not only did the youth of his own town avail themselves of his instruction, but great numbers flocked to him from neighboring towns. They came even fifty, or sixty miles, becoming permanent scholars.

Not only did he teach the natural and moral sciences, but fitted large numbers for the higher departments of instruction. He instructed many for entrance upon the study of *medicine*; of others for the study of *Law*;

and great numbers for *Colleges*. Rarely has any private man qualified more. These men are now in their spheres shaping the destinies of the nation. Their influence is felt not only in this State but others. Many of them are men of eminence.

He also assisted others in the study of sacred Theology. These have been teaching the way of life and salvation. Souls have been saved through their instrumentality.

Another branch of Mr. Hidden's instruction was Sacred Music. He early manifested a strong passion for this delightful branch of education. He felt that all nature moved in wonted harmony. There was something in music which corresponded to that within. His soul was most in harmony with heaven. To sing the praises thereof touched cords that thrilled with the keenest emotions. Notes of music waked his soul to love and transport: it was the tocsin of his soul.

On coming to Tamworth he opened schools and qualified many to lead choirs. He had a choice choir in his own Church, of which he was always the chorister. In all his meetings he pitched the tunes and sung, standing erect in his pulpit, never sitting after the commencement of service until the close of it. He continued to do so through life. He possessed a correct ear for music, a discriminating taste, a strong, stentorian, mellow voice, modulating any note from the *base* to the *treble*. There was no music he could not read with accuracy. He taught it in many of the neighboring towns.

He was also, an amateur of instrumental music. The Bass-viol was his favorite instrument. With this he discoursed music to admiration.

Another department of Mr. Hidden's usefulness in imparting instruction was the Bible-class. To this he devoted himself with great zeal. He had ever lamented the igno-

rance of the Bible, which prevailed in the Churches generally. He felt that more thorough biblical knowledge was the great *desideratum*. He dreaded ignorance more than any vice. Consequently, early in his ministry he instituted the Bible-class, and taught with great success. He took an active interest in the instruction of the children on the Sabbath. He had urged upon parents the duty of teaching at home the Catechism, that most invaluable mode of imparting religious knowledge. This was generally observed. A child who could not repeat his catechism was considered a disgrace to the community. What, find in those days, a child ignorant of the contents of that little book! No: this was in every family. The parents every Sabbath evening assembled their children and asked questions, and they answered them with scrupulous exactness.

Such was Mr. Hidden's influence in the cause of education in all its departments. It

is true he was honored by no high *Degrees* or proud *Titles*. These he never sought—

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

He was however for many years President of the Board of Trustees of Fryeburg Academy. He labored for its prosperity and deeply lamented the troubles which so long distracted this institution. For a long time its usefulness was suspended. God however removed some of its enemies, and since it has continued to exert a salutary influence on the community. Mr. Hidden felt a lively interest in its welfare and prayed for its success.

His Patriotism.

As we have already seen, Mr. Hidden early embraced the cause of his suffering

country. He cheerfully shared in her sufferings, fought her battles, and won her victories with the daring spirits of '76. His was not a spirit to sit down in ease while his country bled. He preferred shedding his own blood to ignominy. Naturally bold and generous, the camp and the stirring scenes of war waked his chivalrous soul.

These same principles which actuated his youth guided him in after years. He loved his country devotedly, and rejoiced in her prosperity. He looked to the "God of Hosts" for her protection. He informed himself accurately of all the great political questions of the times, weighed the arguments on either side, and formed an opinion of their merits. He felt himself interested in whatever concerned the public good. Because he had taken upon him the office and duties of the ministry he never dreamed, with many of the present day, that he must lay aside his character of the patriot and feelings of a soldier, actuated with holy motives.

Blood and carnage, were as repugnant to his sensibilities as to those who are willing to lay aside the character of the *man* and sink into a state of insignificance where little minds repose. He held that religion did not require him to sacrifice any inherent principle of his nature. It required the soldier to lay aside his arms and the love of them in times of peace, but when the alarm of danger was heard, to resume them again.

He often remarked that he could "not conceive how the country could well dispense with the talents and piety of those who are called to the ministry. The priests were formerly commanded to sound the trumpets and go around the walls. Moses must stretch his hand over the plain, and Aaron and Hur must hold it up. They too were interested in all the affairs of the state. But now the priest must observe the silence of death. He must stand a mere machine, a mummy well embalmed." He thought that they who were safe guides in

morals and religion should exercise a due influence in politics. He taught his people to mingle religion in all the transactions of life, not to lay it aside as some costly jewel to be looked at and worn on special occasions, but that it should be an every day garment; that it should pervade, sanctify and elevate the whole life.

He was as far removed from the spirit and conduct of the demagogue as heaven is from earth. He looked with pity upon such a man. He would have men go to the ballot-box unbiassed and fearless. This *he* always did. This was a sacred right due to a patriot and soldier. He gained respect thereby. No man will be despised for acting out his honest principles. It is not in nature to do it.

The difficulties which led to the war of 1812, he had devoutly prayed might be amicably adjusted. But had he seen a spirit of oppression in the conduct of England, his was not a voice to be raised against the

act of Congress. Had his country needed his services he would have obeyed her summons with the same cheerfulness and spirit which animated his youthful bosom at the capture of Burgoyne. The anniversary of our Independance was to him a season of deep gratitude to the God of battles. He always took this occasion to remind his people of the sufferings and dangers, the noble, generous patriotism of our fathers ; of the oppression which forced them to arms ; and of the goodness of Jehovah in going to battle with them ; of the distinguished privileges they, their posterity, now enjoyed and the obligations under which they were laid to respect their memory, to guard well the liberties entrusted and to return grateful thanks to Almighty God for his signal mercies.

Previous to elections he was accustomed to preach " election sermons." In these he explained and enforced the duties which, they, as citizens owed their country, and

the manner in which these duties should be performed ; with what spirit they should be actuated ; the motives which should lead to action.

These were delivered with a spirit of candor and fairness. They had a salutary effect in allaying the harsh and angry feelings engendered by the exciting nature of pending controversies. They were adapted to remind them of the cognizance which God takes of all actions and their liability to err in judgment. He always opened elections with an address to the throne of grace.

He officiated as chaplain to the nineteenth Regiment of Militia for about thirty years. When thus called to address the throne of mercy he never lost sight of his great object, viz. to do good. He prayed with much fervor and, what by many may be deemed almost incredible, some have ascribed their first permanent religious impressions to the prayers he offered on the field. This is a well authenticated fact.

Silence every where prevailed when he engaged in this solemn act. They viewed him as the—

“ Great plenipotent of heaven,
And representative of God on earth.”

In his own town whenever the soldiers were assembled for a ‘*drill*’ they were drawn up in a “hollow-square,” and he in the midst offered devout supplications to heaven. This gave a solemnity to the occasion.

“ Light-thoughted Mirth grew serious, and wept
The laugh profane sunk in a sigh.”

He felt that in all places where there was a heart, there was an opportunity to do good. His fellow men were assembled in obedience to the laws of the State. It was his duty to encourage this obedience. And besides, an opportunity was here offered him to sympathize with them under the burden thus imposed. He thereby gained their esteem ; won

their affections and prepared the way for more extensive influence over their minds by removing prejudices which naturally exist between such men and the preacher.

His Benevolence.

Benevolence was a prominent characteristic of Mr. Hidden. By benevolence we do not mean simply the bestowal of this world's goods, but we mean a benevolence in feeling as well as in giving. It is true, his house was ever an asylum for the needy and distressed. Many a man has been fed at his table and clothed from his wardrobe. Such were his circumstances in that new country, that he was able to assist the poor. He employed them on his farm and paid their taxes. He often did this to his own injury. But the law of love was in his heart. It lived there and glowed. It gave character to his every action.

“ What he possessed he counted not his own,
But like a faithful steward in a house
Of public alms, what freely he received
He freely gave, distributing to all
The helpless, the last might beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want.”

Many a school-boy has found at his house what he despaired of enjoying at home. The little lads, poor and hungry, were often called in by his wife and fed with a kindness which often drew tears of joy from the little sufferers. They now rise up to pronounce blessings.

The various benevolent objects of the day shared in his sympathies and prayers. He looked upon these as the means under God of the world's conversion. The Bible, Tract, and Missionary cause found a powerful advocate in him.

He took broad views of their operations. The thought of the world's conversion to Christ, to which these objects looked, filled him with holiest joy and transport. None

who ever attended, can forget the interest with which he sustained the Monthly Concert of Prayer for Foreign Missions. He prayed that the time might soon come when the islands of the sea should wait for God's law and dark and benighted Africa stretch her hands to heaven. His was an expansive benevolence. He embraced the entire world in his affections.

“As one

Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends,
One in their origin, one in their rights
To all the common gifts of providence,
And in hopes, their joys, their sorrows one
He viewed the universal human race.”

It mattered not to him whether they worshipped at the shrine of the great Prophet, shouted before the Carr of Juggernaut or offered incense to some “unknown God.” They were all his brethren.

His benevolence was particularly manifested towards the sick. He viewed this world a great hospital in which prevailed every

species of malady and woe ; where were the sick and the dying. He conceived it the duty of those in health to minister cordials to the sick : to pour wine and oil into their wounds and assuage their anguish. What he was in sentiment, he was in action.

“ Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.”

He made his visits to the cot of poverty as readily as to the mansion of wealth. The cry of distress had a power to enlist his sympathies from whatever source it came. The early morn, dewy eve and midnight's silent hour, found him by the bed of the sick and dying. No cold of winter or heat of summer prevented. There he was in tears. He cheered them amidst their gloom and sadness, speaking of the Balm of Gilead and of the Physician there. He directed their

thoughts to the Lamb of God. He always led them upward and spoke of the joys which are laid up for the redeemed. To the unconverted he spoke words of mildness, but assured them of the awful doom that awaited the ungodly. He insisted upon an immediate surrender to God. He pointed out the danger of procrastination. They became alarmed and prostrate for mercy called.

Never perhaps did any man effect more at the bed of sickness and death. There his great soul had room for action. No pencil can paint, or language describe the varied aspects his countenance assumed during the same visit. He knew how to adapt himself to their various necessities. He smiled when peace of spirit prevailed, but when the spirit was about to rush into the presence of God unforgiven, the anguish within was depicted in his countenance.

This was the secret of his great success in twining about him the affections of all classes, and in winning souls to Christ.

——“ Needy, poor
And dying men, like music heard his feet
Approach their beds; and guilty wretches took
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled
And blessed him, as they died forgiven and all
Saw in his face contentment, in his life,
The path to glory and perpetual joy.”

Without his presence the dying thought it hard to die. Those who cursed him while in health, when the “grim messenger” came, when they were to launch into eternity, asked for his prayers. He often remarked that “there was one time when the ungodly would listen to his preaching, on a sick and dying bed. “In his duty prompt at every call,” he was there to light the spirit on its way through the valley and shadow of death, to pray its passage safe to the haven of eternal rest. The blasphemer and the thoughtless in deep repentance prayed before him and found forgiveness.

His Familiarity.

Familiarity with all persons was a remarkable trait in his character. Perhaps no charge is oftener preferred against clergymen of the present day, than the want of this valuable trait of character. To be useful the preacher must in some way manifest a fellow-feeling with all men—a sympathy convincing all that his only motive is love ; and his object the salvation of their souls. To all men, however are not allowed the same gift. When one qualification is denied, another is given as a compensation. Yet it is the duty of all ministers to aim at perfection in manner and life ; to be qualified for every good word and work, that by any means they may save some.

This was Mr. Hidden's aim through life. Gifted by nature beyond the common lot of men, he strove to adapt himself to the capacities and circumstances of all. He had all the sensibilities of a man. No Monkish

austerity was his. The cowl and the cloister little suited his nature. Moroseness, affected sanctity, a sad, gloomy countenance, when there was no occasion for it, were to him sure indications of a heart ill at ease. Cheerfulness, a countenance beaming with christian joy, frankness of manner, "a soul all love," in his estimation were the badges of a pious heart. He conversed with all with the same ease. His acquaintance with men and things enabled him to converse on all topics with the same interest, making all subjects and all occasions subservient to his great aim, the impressing the mind with religious sentiments.

This familiarity, instead of diminishing the dignity and respect due the ambassador of heaven, increased it. No man maintained dignity or gained respect more successfully than he, though he seemed never to think of either. He knew his duty and resolved to do it. He thought not of that tyrant, public opinion. He courted the favor

of none but heaven, knowing that by so doing he should win the esteem of all good men and silence the mouth of the ungodly. He avoided every thing of a mechanical nature in his intercourse with his people. He acted spontaneously. He would not suffer the restraints which are now thrown around the preacher. He was never hedged in, crippled trammelled and bandaged up like modern men. He moved in his own orbit and suffered none to divert him therefrom.

In our day there are ten thousand restraints imposed upon the preacher, not so much to keep him from doing ill as from acting at all. He is not allowed to act himself freely. Public opinion with its Argus eyes watches over him more keenly than ever. It describes the path to be trod and the duties to be performed, and wo to him who chances to pass the line of demarcation. Forthwith "*his usefulness is at an end,*" and he must take up his line of march. The ties which he has formed must be sev-

ered. Not a charge, perhaps, that would weigh in the balance of heaven, is preferred against him, yet he must go. And why? Because "*his usefulness is at an end.*" Because he does not suit the fastidious taste of those who find it hard to maintain the *appearance* of religion without constant novelty. Excitement alone keeps them from appearing in all their native deformity. Such men can exhibit signs of life only when "the pressure" is high. A new minister can alone raise the temperature.

Thus the preacher's influence is crippled. Instead of prescribing what others should do they dictate what he must perform. The tables are turned. The ministry is insecure. The cause of Christ bleeds in consequence. Mechanism, coldness every where prevails.

This state of things, Mr. Hidden began to witness before his death and deprecated it. He felt keenly on this point. He resisted such a state of things with all the energy of his pious soul. He trembled lest his own

Church should become infected, with the spirit which elsewhere prevailed, after his "departure." He wished to see a whole-hearted ministry, fearless of all but God—faithful ambassadors who,

"High in the temple of the living God,
Should stand, amidst the people and declare
Aloud the truth, the whole revealed truth,
Ready to seal it with their blood."

On this principle he acted. When the path of duty was plainly made known, he did not ask what this man, or that woman would say of this, or that course; but he sought direction only from an unerring God. He performed the duties which were obvious, knowing that the best teacher of duties which lie dim to us is the performance of those which are at hand and are seen. He mingled freely among his people. He knew what they did and what they needed. He lived *among* his people and at the same time *above* them. He was not a man to closet

himself up in his study, a mere book-worm, and come forth to his people at stated times with "doctrines fashioned to the varying hour," to

—"Mount the pulpit with a haughty mien,
Where more of pride than godliness is seen,"

and "blunder through his prayers," not knowing what kind of food his congregation needed. The Sabbath was to him a day of love, of "scalding" tears and melting invitations to the gospel banquet.

This familiarity gave him great influence. Others sought his advice in all difficulties. He was ever ready to counsel. He was no "non-commitalist." He was warm hearted, frank, honest. His people confided in him because they were persuaded that he knew what was for their interest and would advise accordingly. They were never left in doubt in regard to his opinions.

His Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness was a prominent characteristic of Mr. Hidden. His motto was, "who will, may groan ; who will may sing for joy." It was never a question with him whether the cup of mortal life had more of sour or sweet. If most was sour it was owing to the drinker not the cup." He held that every man possessed in himself the means of turning the bitter to sweet or the sweet to bitter ; that,

" The sweet was in the taste,
The beauty in the eye, and in the ear
The melody ; and in the man,—power
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet, and fair."

He was by nature cheerful. He had a soul in harmony with nature ; alive to all her varied charmes. The tints of the rainbow, the sparkling dew-drop, the fervid sun, the

starry firmament, and not less the lily, the rose and the violet, all were lovely in his sight ; all were cheerful. They waked the native fountains of his soul and stirred the holy tides of feeling. They caused his heart to drink from its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." His heart *was merry* ; it was so from his very make. Why then should he not be cheerful ? Sadness was a libel on nature. Cheerfulness is her face. Her "shady groves," her "brooks and crystal founts," "her weeping dews, her myrtle bowers" and solitary vales resound with joy and gladness. Why should not his heart speak out of its abundance ? It should. He held it to be a duty to wear the aspect of joy. Accordingly his smiles shown through his tears like the sun through rain-drops. This trait of character did not arise from a necessity of always smiling ; for he at times was solemn as eternity. His frown, when called for, was insufferable.

It made the offender quail before him and sink back into his own nothingness. The contraction of his brow and the glance of his dark eye indicated a power behind them that was all-prevalent ; but no sooner was repentance seen than,

“ With mercy now
And love, his face illumed, shone gloriously.”

Cheerful and happy by nature, religion made him more so. Religion as seen in him was lovely. It wore no frown. It filled the soul with transport. It caused *his* soul to exhibit itself in his eye, countenance and merry laugh. He endeavored to make others as happy as himself. In his visits through his parish he strove to be cheerful. At the bed-side of the dying *Christian*, he was the happiest of men. He tried to banish all fear,—that the spirit might take its flight to the throne of God without the slightest trepidation. He felt to rejoice, rather than mourn : because soon a spirit

would be freed from life with all its cares, and plume itself for the abodes of angels. He therefore often sung the most lively and ravishing anthems, to give the soul a foretaste of the music which would soon burst upon its ear. He always endeavored to withdraw the thoughts as much as possible from the perplexities and anguish of earth, and raise them to things unseen and eternal. Thus he made the dying bed a cheerful scene,

“privileged ;
Quite on the verge of heaven !”

This cheerfulness made the dying eye bright and grow brighter as it approached nearer death, just as the gentle flower looks fairest in the ‘ silver beam which is reflected from the thunder cloud that soon comes down to scatter, far and wide, its loveliness.’

Not only at the dying bed was he thus happy, but he every where taught the duty of cheerfulness ; that it was doing injustice to religion to wear a gloomy countenance.

He taught that the christian, of all men, should rejoice ; for peace of mind was his, the hopes of eternal felicity animated his bosom ; knowing too that all things shall work together for good to those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. What he taught others, he was himself, and what he was in life he was, as will hereafter be seen, in death.

CHAPTER IX.

His labors—Devotions—Writings—As a Speaker.

Perhaps no inquiry is more frequently made than that which relates to a Minister's labors. In fact we often judge of the whole character of a man from the nature and extent of his labors. The labors of all ministers *may* be arduous ; while those of some *must* be. It is true the same amount is not called for in all. Mr. Hidden was by nature possessed of great energy of character. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, all the powers of his nature had been brought into action. He had never known the ease consequent upon wealth. Poverty's iron hand had been rudely laid upon him, and he must labor, or die. To

this he had no reluctance, but cheerfully submitted to all hardships. Early morn and the midnights' silent hour bore witness to his diligence in business. Though not possessed of the firmest constitution in his early years, he at length acquired Herculean strength. He indurated his constitution and made it like iron.

His labor in preaching was immense, preaching three sermons during the Sabbath; two at the usual place of worship and a third in some remote part of the town. This was his practice through life. Besides these three sermons on the Sabbath he preached, almost invariably, in three different sections of the town during the week and not unfrequently five, or even six.

He saw that these meetings called out many who would not attend church during Sabbath; but when the gospel was brought directly to their doors they could do no less than hear it. And often as he passed their dwellings, he would call, and say, "Well

you are going to the meeting, are you? Come, it is almost time to begin it. Let us be there in season." If they could have been secreted from his eye, they would have staid at home, but now there is no excuse. On the day of one of these meetings a certain woman said to her husband, you are going to attend the meeting at the school house this afternoon I suppose? "No: I am not," replied the man. I am going to work behind the great hill, and he wont get sight of me to-day, I know." He immediately left the house and was just losing sight of the road when to his vexation, Mr. Hidden's voice was heard, "What o'clock is it? Is it not about time for the meeting to commence? I am going to call at your house a few moments. You will be at the meeting? "Yes," replied the man, half pleased, and half angry, "*I am just going to see about my cattle!*" At an early hour he was at the meeting, and there, said Mr. Hidden, "the truth took hold on him, He

went home in great distress and besought me to pray for him. I did so, and the next time he met me, "Oh," said he, in tears, "I will never attempt to run away from you again. God has, I trust, forgiven me;" and then his wife told the whole circumstance.

At one time meeting a man with his team, "Come," said he, "are you going to the meeting this afternoon?" "I shall not be able to attend to-day. I am rather backward in work, and I have got my team all ready to plough." "Let your cattle stand in the road," said Mr. Hidden, "and as soon as the sermon is through, you can come out. Come, the school house is right here." Mr. Hidden then entered the house and the man drove on, but his conscience troubled him. He could not keep his mind on his work. Every thing went wrong. His oxen seemed unkind, and his work was badly executed. Out of all patience, the man, with an oath, left his oxen standing in the furrow and hasted back to the school house.

Mr. Hidden was at that moment preaching from the words, "For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He observed the man as he came in, and saw the anguish of heart depicted on his countenance. He adapted his remarks to the very circumstances of the man. "Now," said he, in closing, "what is to be done? Will you seek this world and neglect the soul? Ten thousand worlds cannot save your soul from hell!" The man's distress was too great for endurance. He fell on his knees and prayed to God for mercy. "I stopped preaching very readily," said Mr. Hidden, "and we all prayed for the distressed man. Soon he gave his heart to Christ and was happy enough."

Moreover at these meetings children attended who had never seen a *Minister* any where else. He took great care to instruct them, thereby to induce them to church. He

had a happy faculty of pleasing. His smile was worth more than a crown. But there were children who would *hide* as well as men. He had appointed a meeting at a school house, and just before the hour arrived the pupils were dismissed and the little lads ran to hide in a thicket near. He saw them running, and supposing the cause of it, rode near the house, lighted from his horse and said, "Boys, do you want to ride my horse? Out came the boys eager to ride the faithful steed. "There," said he, having raised some two of them upon his horse, "ride him down to the brook and let him drink." He remained until they returned. "Come, my little lads, now we will go into the house," said he. By this time they had forgotten their former plan, and entered the house.

Calling at a certain house previous to entering the school-house to preach, the lady remarked to him that she could not induce her son, then at school, to stay during the

meeting. Mr. Hidden had often noticed that quite a large lad was always leaving the house, just as he arrived. As he entered at this time, he met this lad and said, "I wish you would run home and bring me my Bible; I left it at your house." Before the lad returned Mr. Hidden had commenced services, and the boy was then ashamed to leave. The sermon at that meeting was founded on the words, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The young man listened with deep interest. The truth was sent home to his heart and in a few weeks he was to all appearances, an heir of heaven, and two years afterwards died in the hopes of a glorious immortality.

Not only in his own town did he thus preach, but as we have elsewhere stated, in other towns,—Eaton, Ossipee, Newfield, Effingham, Parsonsfield, and Sandwich. The distance being great, much time was spent in traveling to, and from these places ;

but he cheerfully preached to them Christ and him crucified. He was the spiritual teacher of all that region.

In addition to these are his funeral sermons. It was his invariable practice to preach a sermon at every funeral he attended, and these were numerous. He has left on record between six and seven hundred at which he preached and these were all in his own town, while he attended nearly as many in neighboring towns. He went sometimes twenty miles to preach on these occasions.

Such were Mr. Hidden's public labors. Allowing five sermons a week, he preached in each year 260 sermons. Thus in forty-five years, he must have preached 11,700. Add to these, one thousand funeral sermons and it amounts to 12,700! This is a low estimate, incredible as it may seem to some.

Moreover, as we have noticed in a preceding chapter, he devoted much time to the instruction of youth, in all the branches

of education. He examined all the teachers of the town. He visited, generally, all the schools at least twice in a year, sometimes four times. He taught many singing schools, and devoted much time to Sabbath school instruction. He was present at all conferences, associations, and many ordinations and protracted meetings in which his voice was always heard and his tears always seen.

He was ever an attendant upon the sick. His presence was generally required as soon as the physician's, and often sooner. He was called at midnight's silent hour as well as at noon day.

He was also frequent in his parochial visits. He visited the hut of poverty as well as the mansion of wealth.

To crown the whole it must be recorded that he labored much on his farm. Many a day has he spent there in toil, and this to gain a mere livelihood, his salary amounting only to two hundred and one dollars; con-

sequently he depended much upon the income of his farm for subsistence. He cultivated, exclusively with his own hands, a very large garden. Hours has he toiled there. That lovely face, so often bedewed with tears, has often been wet with the sweat of labor.

To all these, let the nearly one thousand marriages solemnized by him be added, and well may it be asked, where shall an equal amount of labor, performed by any other man be found ?

Such an amount of labor seems quite incredible. But it must be remembered that he was always busy. He devoted but few hours to sleep, and none to idleness. Burdened with the cares of a large farm and those incident upon a considerable family, his house ever crowded with visitors, he was nevertheless enabled to accomplish more than almost any other man. For this purpose God had raised him up, and made his strength equal to his day. Amidst all his

labors, he never complained of fatigue. He had no hours of gloomy despondency ; no shrinking from duty. When called to any service, he never complained of the pressure of labors.

Devotions.

To know the entire character of a man, we must see him in his hours of retirement, as well as in the active scenes of life. It is true, we cannot judge accurately of the character of one man except as we see him in his intercourse with his fellows. But not the less true is it, that we must enter within and observe the main springs of action ; see him as he exhibits himself to the eye of heaven. A man may appear to his fellow-men what he is not in the sight of God. Circumstances will often present a man in a wrong light ; but enter his closet and see him where he stands alone, unbiased by extraneous circumstances and his true character will

be seen. Man will not be hampered and hedged in by public opinion, when no eye beholds but that of God. This is emphatically true of the Christian. He can not wear a false garb in his loneliness. He will appear as he is, in his loveliness or deformity. Hypocrisy is a garment for the day, not for the night. It is of no service in the dark. "The livery of heaven need not be stolen to serve the devil in" when men sleep. Flaunting robes are designed to reflect the rays of light ; not to flutter in the darkness of midnight.

Let us view Mr. Hidden in his hours of retirement in converse with his own heart and communion with God, and here his character will assume its loveliest aspect. In his retirement he

" Had a source

Of happiness, that men could neither give
Nor take away ; the avenues that led
To immortality before him lay ;
He saw, with faith's far reaching eye, the fount
Of life, his Father's house, his Saviour God,
And borrowed thence to help his present want."

Reading the Bible and meditation upon its truths were his constant practice. Few men were ever more familiar with that book ; none prized it more. He could turn to any passage, quote any verse, with great readiness and accuracy. The Bible was to him the most precious gift of God. He would often clasp it to his bosom and exclaim, " had it not been for this blessed Book what would have become of my soul ! The world would have been in the darkness of death !" He not only *acknowledged* this to have brought life and immortality to light, but *felt* it. It wrought in him the deepest gratitude. The deep heavings of his bosom, gushing tears, and fervent ejaculations were the heralds of his heart. The Psalms were a favorite portion of the Scriptures. No where else could he find language so consonant to his feelings, none that breathed so much of heaven. He would often repeat them with his soul beaming in his countenance, his eyes suffused with tears, and

his soul filled with the liveliest adoration. In reading some portions which excited joyful emotions, he would raise his voice and seem enraptured with the same holy emotions that inspire the angelic throng. "Oh," he once exclaimed to the memorialist, after quoting one of these passages, "that is the very language we shall use when we get to heaven !"

The lofty strains of Isaiah, the plaintive language of Jeremiah, the bold metaphors of Ezekiel were to him spirit and life.

The New Testament he always carried with him, and read in his closet, in the field, by the road-side, in the sick room, and wherever he could find opportunity. The story of the cross roused his soul and the agony of the garden bowed his spirit. The love of Christ melted his heart.

The Bible was to him the bright candle of the Lord, darting its rays through the darkness of the soul. He viewed it as the star of eternity—"the only star by which

the bark of man could navigate the sea of life" and finally reach the haven of bliss—the only star which "rose on time" and on its dark and troubled billows, threw a ray of heaven's own light and pointed the sinner's eye to the hill of God.

Mr. Hidden was literally a man of prayer. He was accustomed to rise early in the morning and hold converse with heaven. He prevented the morning's dawn. Even during the hours of the night, when nature was mantled in darkness, when the thoughts of heaven filled his soul with delight, he would rise from his pillow and pour out his heart to God in prayer. He loved to go before the throne of mercy and look God full in the face. While other men pray as if the Being they address was as far from them as the east is from the west, he prayed as to a Being at hand who could witness his deep prostration of soul. He felt that God was about him like the air he breathed.

Wherever he went or looked, he saw his

presence. Thus when he prayed his prayer was poured directly into the ear of his heavenly Father. He never felt that God had taken a journey into a far country, or that sweet sleep had closed his ear. He never prayed as though his prayers had a long journey to perform before they could reach heaven; but he viewed heaven as brought down to earth and the Almighty at hand. This accounts for the fervor of his prayers. Had he the impression that it was doubtful if God ever heard him—had he thought it possible that the Almighty was attending to more important affairs in some region far away beyond the flight of any planet, his prayers would have been like other men's, cold and formal. *His* prayers were the spontaneous overflowings of a warm heart. Like some living fountain that sends its waters gurgling forth, so his prayers came gushing, warm from a fountain supplied from the eternal Source. Thus they went up before the throne all glowing, warm.

They were offered in faith. He believed that every prayer he offered went winged to the Eternal ear and if it returned without answer like Noah's dove without a green leaf, he sent it forth again until, like the dove, it returned with a token of mercy.

His prayers were importunate. He would take no denial. He felt that he must wrestle with Jehovah, or his prayers would be unavailing. While he prayed he reached forth his hands for the blessing he desired. He felt the dignity of prayer; the importance which God himself attaches to it. Consequently he felt that all heaven must be moved when redeemed man supplicated. He was accustomed, previous to his attendance on any special means of grace, to make the anticipated occasion a subject of devout prayer. When a protracted meeting was to be held, either in his own church, or in neighboring towns he made it a subject of fasting and supplication, and so hard would he wrestle at the throne of Mercy that he

often, as he himself testified, gained "*assurance*" that the spirit would be manifested in the conversion of souls. Having preached at a meeting of this kind in Sandwich and being obliged to leave immediately after the sermon, he was asked, as he left the pulpit, if he thought there would be any conversions as the result of the meeting, I "*know*," said he, "there will be many, I have the *assurance* of it." The meeting resulted in the conversion of more than an hundred souls; the greatest revival with which that church has been visited.

He always made particular individuals subjects of special prayer. This fact he once related to the memorialist, "And," said he, "I know of more than one hundred such individuals who have been converted to Christ, and some of them are now rejoicing in glory."

Writings.

Endowed with gifts of soul which have been imparted to few of our own race, and, conscious of having consecrated them through life to God and mankind, Mr. Hidden was regardless of his future fame, and has consequently left but few monuments of his intellectual greatness. All that remains of his writings seems no more than a poor mutilated fraction of what was in him ; brief, broken glimpses of a genius that never showed itself on paper. Of the elements of his mind we have already spoken. Born at an age when there was but little refinement in literature in this country, and thrown amidst such stirring scenes in a new settlement, among an illiterate people, where every thing was to be done and the materials for doing it were few and imperfect, it would be ungenerous to expect in him the style of a finished writer. So numerous were the demands upon his time, so multiplied were his

labors, and so far removed was he from literary scenes, that we are astonished to find him what he really is. No man can perform his labors aside from the pulpit, and preach nearly 13,000 sermons, written in correct taste and finished style. Mr. Hidden, as would naturally be suggested to the reader, did not write out all his sermons. Some are complete, others are imperfectly written ; while others still are mere skeletons, containing the leading thoughts, with references to Scripture texts. Let it not be thought from this circumstance that he was not a laborious student ; that he devoted no study to his sermons. This would be far from the truth. He devoted every moment at his command to study. Rarely did he preach without having the thoughts well arranged in his memory, and on paper too. He was not a man to *talk* when he had nothing to *say*. With a memory which was a storehouse of whatever was valuable in Scripture, in history and nature for illustration,

he always had something new and interesting.

We readily admit, owing to circumstances abovementioned, that he was not a finished writer. Yet there are great excellences in his compositions. In his early writings it might be objected that his sentences are too protracted, thus rendering his style difficult, obscure. "We are aware that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly noble and more important ones; such as energy and richness, and in these Mr. Hidden is not surpassed. A mind like his will indulge in protracted sentences. A full mind will naturally overflow in long periods, and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them fourth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear, through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the

transparency of the calm inland stream. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear, and the soul." The prominent characteristic of his style is energy. He writes with gigantic strength. He goes straight forward, like the resistless stream. He expresses himself in strong language. He uses bold figures, striking metaphors. His periods glow with life. He rouses every energy of the soul. He hurries us on with the impetuosity of the torrent. The mind is wholly absorbed in what is said. It catches fire at his glowing thoughts.

These are not always the most refined, but they come gushing up from a deep fountain. They come from a daring intellect, not spun

in the loom of fancy, but rough hewn. They stand out in bold relief. You see them even if they be amidst rubbish. Sometimes he rises to sublimity rarely surpassed. The thunder roars and the lightnings flash ; all nature is in arms ; and then he has the simplicity of the child, and the sweetness of poetry. He touches the softest passions and melts to contrition and tears. " We see in him gentleness and pity, together with deep earnestness and passionate ardor. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire ; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He had a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling." Thus his writings are a mirror of himself.

There is a marked sincerity in his style. No man would mistrust he had the slightest intention of speaking what he did not himself believe. There are no circumlocutions ; nothing that looks doubtful. In his writings generally, there is a marked perspicuity. He seizes a subject, holds it up and looks

directly through it, and enables others to do so. The most weighty arguments he handles with perfect ease in his own way.

He is happy in his illustrations. They are often very striking. They force conviction upon the mind. They send arrows of truth all quivering to the heart. He is felicitous in his descriptions. They are often graphic. There is also a melting pathos. The more delicate sensibilities of our nature are set in motion. We sob, we weep. He knew the force of Horace' rule "*Si vis me flere,*" that he who would move and convince others must move and convince himself. In him there was

"Joy answering joy, and sigh responding sigh,
Through all the fibres of the social heart."

In his writings there is sometimes exhibited keen sarcasm, amounting almost to invective. When religion was in peril, when its enemies discovered themselves, he felt that interests of infinite moment were at

stake. He spoke in piercing and awful tones. "At such periods, men gifted with great power of thought and loftiness of sentiment, are especially summoned to the conflict with evil. They hear, as it were in their own magnanimity and generous aspirations, the voice of a divinity ; and thus commissioned, and burning with a passionate devotion to truth, they must and will speak with an indignant energy, and they ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary minds in ordinary times. The deeply moved soul will speak strongly, and ought to speak so as to move and shake nations."

We have spoken thus freely of Mr. Hidden's writings because it is often said, *he was no writer admitting his other virtues.*" And this is said without taking into consideration his peculiar labors and circumstances. It should be remembered that his means were the commonest and rudest ; and the mere work done and left on paper is no measure of his strength. "A dwarf behind his steam

engine may remove mountains ; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe ; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms. It is in this latter shape that Mr. Hidden presents himself. His library was limited. He was not brought in contact with a literary atmosphere ; and his labors were almost incredible. Thus his writings had not that refinement of style which is now thought indispensable. It should be remembered too, that he had no systematic training in a Theological Seminary ; but left the walls of a College almost immediately for the pulpit. But he had all the elements of a great mind.

The sermons which he has left are mere fragments. The plan of a mighty edifice is sketched ; some columns, porticos, firm masses of building, stand completed, the rest is more or less clearly indicated ; with a far-stretching tendency, which studious and friendly eyes can now trace towards the pur-

posed termination. His sermons are sometimes broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning. They stand beautiful, but unfinished, and as if he meant to seal up their contents from the knowledge of man he has written them with an illegible hand. The words are so often run together, and the contractions so numerous that they are as unintelligible as so much Hebrew.

As a Speaker.

In Mr. Hidden there was no affectation of manner. He exhibited himself in the pulpit just as he was. There were no assumed airs. It may with great truth be said of him that,

“ At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.”

He was of middling stature, possessed a dark, penetrating eye, elevated brow, and a

countenance varying from cheerfulness to austerity. His appearance in the pulpit was commanding, adapted to inspire reverence. He possessed a powerful, stentorian, but mellow voice, varying from the lowest to the highest key. He generally spoke rapidly. His thoughts came gushing forth with resistless energy. His were thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Sometimes he gave utterance to his thoughts with great precision, and with protracted, solemn cadence. When his subject was unusually grave, his countenance exhibited the same aspect; it inspired awe. But when he spoke of heaven, it lighted up with a radiant smile. His emotions were easily excited. His tears flowed in great profusion; they followed the utterance of every affecting word. When he wished to make others weep he always set them an example by pouring forth a torrent of tears that came gushing out warm, and coursed down his cheek like some little crystal stream from

the hill-side, which a summer's shower has sent leaping, sparkling down. His emotions at times almost choked his utterance, and quick-coming words were indistinctly articulated. The fountains within overflowed. His manner was such as to rivet the attention of the hearer to the subject. The hearer was often in tears and assenting to the truths uttered, before he was aware. He was urged onward with great velocity. He had no time to fortify his mind against the truth, but was led captive by the preacher, and carried too far to retreat. He was open to conviction when he thought not, and truth was set home to the conscience and compelled submission. Such was the man,

“ Who in the current of destruction stood
And warned the sinner of his wo ; led on
Immanuel's members in the evil day ;
And with the everlasting arms embraced
Himself around, stood in the dreadful front
Of battle, high, and warred victoriously
With death and hell.”

CHAPTER X.

His Family—Letters—Strong faith—Interest in the cause of temperance—His social character—Letters.

The children of Mr. Hidden were five ; two of whom only are now living, viz. William Price, residing in Tamworth, and Elizabeth, now the wife of Dr. Ebenezer G. Moore of Wells, Maine. Sophia, who became the wife of Lieut. Jonathan C. Gilman, leaving a husband and seven children, died in the triumphs of faith, May 15, 1832, aged thirty-seven. Sarah was a rare spirit, amiable in life, and lovely even in death. She died Nov. 5, 1819, aged twenty-two. George, his second son, by nature possessed an open and frank disposition, a kind heart and delicate sensibilities. But having early

imbibed an inordinate desire for intoxicating liquors, he brought anguish to the heart of kind parents and an affectionate wife ; disgrace upon his relations and ruin upon himself. He was a son that caused shame. The entreaties of a father and of a mother, the embraces of a wife and advice of friends failed to effect any radical change in his conduct. His moral strength was paralyzed. His better nature had been abused, outraged and failed him. But, notwithstanding the darkness that hung over the future, his father lived in faith that ere long his son would be washed in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, though it wrung his heart with the keenest anguish to see the object of his affection given up to a beastly appetite.

The following letter will here be inserted to show the state of his feelings.

TAMWORTH, SEPT. 24, 1835.

My dear son George,—My heart is ready

to burst with sorrow and grief, while I write these lines to you, my son, dear son. I take this method of making known my concern for you because I am afraid I should be unable to command my feelings in conversing with you, and I beg you would read this with a serious prayerful attention. God is witness of my love to you, my son, and my feelings for your temporal and eternal welfare. God has given you abilities to be respectable and useful in this life, and to live in his presence, where are pleasures forever more; yes to be the comfort of your aged parents, the beloved of your friends, of your fellow men and of the people of God, and to share with them in all the joys of eternity. Pray, my dear son, consider the deep interest your friends have in you, and their feelings for your welfare. Will you, can you break a father's heart which never felt any thing but love for you? Can you send a mother tottering with age and infirmity to

the grave, with sorrow? Will you force your best friends to discard you? Will you sink yourself in the eyes of all worthy men? Can you forego all the bright hopes of eternal glory—for what? for the indulgence of one animal appetite? Were it not for this you would always have been respected by the best society, and you would have been the delight of your relations, and friends. Even now you might reinstate yourself in their esteem by banishing forever the intoxicating bowl. I beseech you my son, to consider the loss of property already sustained in consequence of this. When occurred any bad bargain, or mistake in calculations but under the influence of drink? Pray consider the loss of character. Can *you* respect those who indulge in this vice? My son, there is something within your breast which says, no. Character is too valuable to be bartered away for intoxicating spirit. Be assured that intemperance and a respectable character cannot exist to-

gether at the present day in the same individual. When character is gone all is gone ; all confidence ; all respect of virtuous man ; all hopes of friends. And moreover such a man is continually exposed to the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. But above all, the hopes of the favor and the presence of God are cut off. O, what, my son, is this eternity before us without hope in Christ ! Better had we never been born. I conjure you, my dear son, to consider this. O, you and I must stand together at the judgment seat of Christ. Your father is a minister of the Gospel and believes what he preaches to you and others. He expects to meet both you and them when all books shall be laid open and sentence passed. Now, my dear George, will you not abandon your darling sin ? You have said you would, but have failed. Now I pray you to ask help of God. Do go to God in prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ who has died for you and is ready to give the Holy Spirit to those who

ask in his name. You must do this or be lost forever. You may yet be saved. O, you may repent and be received into God's favor and have him for your friend forever. Now begin without delay. You must leave sin or be undone. I feel myself writing in the presence of God and to a son whom I love, and the thought of a separation from him forever rends my heart asunder ! O remember the calls you have had and the resolutions you have made, and now return. Remember your dear Almira, her prayer and parting kiss. O, recollect the dangers you have escaped when exposed by intoxication, and how a compassionate Saviour has wrought all these deliverances because he waits to be gracious. O, what melting love is this ! How can you escape if you neglect so great salvation ! O, my son, George Dodge Hidden, my son, my son ! My heart is melted within me for thee, my son. How can I give thee up for lost ! I must pray and hope and tremble and weep as I have done, but

it is you who must repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, or you and I must part forever! This is the first time I have ever written you, and it will probably be the last. I know I write from pure affection for you and the glory of God. I beg you read it carefully and lay it up and keep it. Do not destroy it. Keep it till I am dead. It will be read over in the light of eternity and you and I shall hear it together, with dear Almira. O, may God Almighty have mercy on your soul and mine, my dear son.

Your afflicted, affectionate father,
SAMUEL HIDDEN."

This letter betrays a heart full of anguish. His allusion to Almira, his son's wife, who but a few months previous had given her husband "a parting kiss," commended him to her God and then departed, Dec. 4, 1834, to the land of pure spirits, is heart-rending. Mr. Hidden knew that this chord would vibrate in the bosom of his son.

This letter, however, produced no permanent change in his character. He continued to make the heart of his father bleed at every pore, and from the abundance of his heart he indited another letter, leaving it in the care of his son, William, enjoining him to keep it till after his death before presenting it to George. He felt that the hour of dissolution was at hand, and he could not die until he had once more reminded his son of the awful retribution that awaited him. This letter is dated,

TAMWORTH, MAY 6, 1836.

My Dear Son Gearge,—You are not a father, therefore you cannot know the feelings of a father towards a son whom he loves. Yet you can read them when drawn on paper, by one who begat you and still loves you in the most tender manner. What I now write, I really expect to hear read over with you at the judgment seat of Christ, and I hope you will read this under the same impresson. You must know the evil effects

of strong drink on your soul and body, whether it be distilled liquors or cider. Find, if you can, one instance of improper conduct for many years past but took its rise from this source. Had it not been for this no man in town of your age would have been more respectable than yourself. Shall good sense, good disposition, kind and obliging temper, sound and healthy body ; all the hopes of eternal happiness, be sacrificed to a more than beastly appetite ? God forbid. It must not be that the feelings of a father, mother, brother and sister, be tortured almost continually to gratify the taste of one relative, and this gratification prove his destruction ! No, no, my son. Must the usefulness of a father, a minister of the Gospel, now old and gray-headed, be lost in consequence of the excesses of his beloved son ? No, my dear son. You must reform. God has laid his hand upon you, and he might have quickly hurled you into the shades of despair ; but he has not done it ; for which you

are laid under new and fresh obligations. But his patience will not last forever. I beseech you lay it to heart. You may now have a new character, new hopes, new joys, by asking God for help and by immediately leading a new life. I would ask your conscience, why it is that all your resolutions you have, from time to time, formed, have been broken? Is it not because you have not asked assistance of God, having made them in your own strength? Now pray to God for assistance and you shall be saved and God glorified. Can you forget the prayer and farewell embraces of a wife now in glory and perhaps watching over you with intense interest, though you wrung her heart with anguish while living by your unhallowed indulgence in a darling appetite? My dear son, you must lead a different life, or God will take you away and place you beyond the reach of all hope! May I not expect this of you? Must I give you up and all my fond hopes of you from your infancy

to this day ? give you up forever ? O heart-rending thought ! What a bitter cup is this ! It is quite overwhelming, and will sink me unless God grant me support, which I trust he will through Jesus Christ his dear son. George, you must remember I shall by divine assistance endeavor to keep my character as a minister of Christ and not suffer my property to be wasted by the extravagance of any one, if I have ability to prevent it. God knows I would not wrong you of one hair of your head, but it must not be said and be believed by this people that what they give their minister goes to maintain the vices of his son. This would prevent the gospel from exercising its designed influence on them and their children. Be assured my dear son that a minister's influence depends in a great measure upon the character of his children. How many times has it been said, "that is George Hidden, the minister's son !" and then the hellish laugh ! How many times has the cup been offered you merely because

you were the minister's son, though you thought of no such thing. Then at church the next Sabbath they first looked at the preacher and then at his son and what good did the prayers and sermons do such men? Perhaps you never thought of these things; yet they are solemn facts and ought to be felt by the minister and his children. Will you think of them, my dear George! O, you certainly will and pray over them too, I hope. * * * * * I hope you will remember what a blessing you had in your dear Almira who loved you as her own life. I hope you will not plant thorns on your pillow every time you lie down where the dear saint reposed on your bosom. My dear son, conscience may sleep but it never dies. It cannot die, for it is the voice of the living, all-seeing God. Remember you have an aged father and a tender, infirm mother, whose love to you can never die. Pray, my son, do not weary out their lives and hasten them into eternity. You

can never have another father or mother who begat and brought you forth and reared you up with the tenderest affection. O Lord God Almighty, bless George D. Hidden, and save him from destruction, and make him the subject of thy boundless grace for thy own name's sake ! I write this because I fear my own feelings and yours, in conversation. I beg you to read it over calmly and deliberately and pray over it ; and for God's sake do not reject or despise it. I feel that God sees me while I write and I rejoice that he does. He knows that it flows from a father's heart, as an effort for the eternal good of a son for whom he feels the most tender affection. I know this will be read over at the last day. I shall keep a copy of it, that I may look at it and rejoice in it, when you have become another man and sustain a character which God, men and angels will love and delight in forever.

Your affectionate

FATHER."

The faith expressed in this letter that his son would “become another man and sustain a character which God, man and angels would love and delight in forever,” arose to *assurance*. Said he, a few months previous to his death while speaking of his son, “I believe that George will die a good man. Yes,” said he with great emphasis, “I have the *assurance* that he will die a Christian. God has promised to hear prayer, and why should I not believe him?” He lived not however to *see* the fulfilment; yet that son *did die* a humble Christian. That insidious disease, consumption, preyed upon his vitals, and, August 14, 1840, after a protracted illness, he left earth for heaven. He went to meet that father who had prayed in faith for him and in answer to whose prayers he had obtained the hopes of everlasting life. Some months previous to his death he became a new creature in Christ. He gave evidence of vital piety, and united with the church militant just before his enterance in-

to the church triumphant. Who can depict the interview of father and son on the confines of heaven ! This should encourage pious parents to pray in faith for their children. "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

Mr. Hidden early espoused the cause of temperance and labored for its success. His feelings in regard to the sale of intoxicating drinks may be learned from a letter to a dealer. This letter was obviously written with his son before his mind, and therefore I shall insert it in this connection.

"*Dear Sir,*—It is supposable that you being educated among Christian people have a conscience, and believe in a state of future rewards, if not of punishments. It is therefore humbly asked how it is that you can deal out the intoxicating draught to your fellow creatures when you well know that every draught will prove their destruction ? Can you, dear sir, humbly kneel before your Maker and ask him to bless you forever for

sending poison, death and destruction into so many families? How can you behold before you the young, the middle aged, and the gray headed, the magistrate, who would otherwise be deemed respectable in society, in a state of partial, if not total, intoxication, and continue to deal out the delicious draught! Dear sir, many lives have been sacrificed already and many more are in danger. Is the love of gain so strong as to compel you to this course? Are you sure that your gain will be lasting, or that your children will inherit it? Pray, sir, recollect the present situation of others who are in the same traffic. What security have you that yourself will be an exception to the general government of Providence? Are you sure that your son who now laughs at the railings of those intoxicated in your store and continues to deal out the poison, will not himself become a drunkard? Then what will become of property, reputation, life? O, my dear sir, you are a father.

You have the bowels of a father. You think you love your children. Pray love them properly. Remember that you cannot have reputation among the virtuous portion of the community ; and this is all that is worth possession in society. Can a virtuous father wish you prosperity in your unhallowed business when his son comes home intoxicated ? Could *he*, in his sober moments, pray for your prosperity ? Could *you yourself* do it if he were your own son ? O, you could not. Can that virtuous wife, whose husband, after her long, anxious watching, comes staggering home, send up one petition for your prosperity in this traffic ? Pray, sir, look at her, with tearful eyes, viewing her approaching husband, into whose arms she has thrown herself for life ; then look on her children, the pledges of her affection to him ; and now with sobs and tears raising her eye to God's mercy seat above, and tell me if there can be room in her broken heart for a wish, or a prayer for

you, unless it be that you may be prevented from dealing out the deadly draught ? How her heart throbs when she sees her husband again directing his feet towards your store ! Now, sir, you are a man of feeling. Suppose it were your own wife. Have you no regard for those who wish to regard you and daily pray for your best good, your eternal felicity ? In the name of the eternal God, in whose presence this letter has been written and before whom it has been spread in prayer, you are besought and entreated to spare the heart rendings of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and helpless children ? O, spare the throbbing, aching heart of the virtuous portion of your fellow-creatures, if there is any such thing as religion or virtue on earth.

Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL HIDDEN.

In the domestic circle Mr. Hidden's character appears to great advantage. It will

not suffer by a close inspection. It is too often the case that men wear the garb of a saint abroad and that of a fiend at home. Too often does the professional man appear amiable to others but ugly to those in his own family. The minister may be the haughty tyrant of his wife and children—while to others he has the meekness of Moses. He may lord it over his domestics and make them ministers of his pleasures while he preaches condescension and kindness in the pulpit. Professional men, burdened with public duties, numerous and urgent, are liable to fail in those lesser regards which so much enhance the

——— “only bliss
Of paradise which has survived the fall.”

He who wears the aspect of the tiger at home, whatever be his reputation abroad, is unworthy esteem.

Of Mr. Hidden it may be said that he was ever assiduous in his attention to those mi-

nute regards which constitute the aggregate of domestic enjoyment. He was an affectionate husband, ready to take upon himself a portion of those cares incident to a family. He retired not to his study regardless if weal or wo betide those who had a right to his sympathies. He felt that a wife should share in the trials of a family, not *bear them all*.

He was a kind parent, ever ready to indulge his children in every thing which might be for their interest. He sought to render life happy and cheerful. He endeavored to impress their minds with the feeling that life was a blessing for which they should be grateful to their great benefactor. Some are too apt to give their children the conviction that life is a curse ; that they are forced to wear a load quite too oppressive, to be laid on them by a merciful Creator. This is often done by a moroseness of manner, by monkish austerity, and an unkind impatience, which rise not out of real piety.

They are the result of an unsanctified nature, and should be sedulously avoided. Parents should impress upon their children the feeling that life with its ten thousand sources of enjoyment was designed to be a *cheerful passage to eternity*.

These enjoyments are designed to make life a foretaste of heavenly felicity ; and if they are embittered, they are so with our own follies. These call for the deepest gratitude to God. Children should be taught to exercise this feeling. They should be made to realize that these are the gifts of a bountiful and indulgent Father. They should be taught early to lisp his praise. This was Mr. Hidden's great object. He felt unspeakable gratitude for the innumerable expressions of God's goodness and labored to inspire the same emotion in every bosom. Life, hallowed by the religion of Christ, was to him a delightful existence, notwithstanding its disappointments, its conflicts, its anguish.

This chapter will close with extracts from his letters to several individuals.

To his Daughter, Mrs. Moore.

TAMWORTH, DEC. 12, 1826.

We were greatly pleased to hear of your good health, and pray it may be continued. Forget not your dependance on God who giveth us all things richly to enjoy, when we realize our dependance on him. Acknowledge him in all your ways and he will direct your steps. May he pour out the richest of his blessings upon your family, lengthen out your life, enlighten your mind, lead you into all truth, comfort your heart under all your sorrows and employ you in his service when your parents are sleeping in the dust, and finally admit you to the joys of heaven. We must now commit each other into the hands of God. May this be our privilege day by day, and may it be rightly improved, so that after improving our talents here.

we may be together in a world of glory forever.

TAMWORTH, MAY 21, 1832.

Your sister Sophia, sung with me and Major G. together with his two daughters, in raptures on the sixth inst. Wednesday she was very sick and grew worse until Tuesday, when she breathed her last. Her child was baptized that morning in her presence, and died just one hour before her. She had her reason and talked as long as her strength lasted. There was an angelic smile on her own face and on her child's when laid out, but they soon changed. They were buried on Thursday, and I was obliged to preach her funeral sermon, being disappointed by Mr. —. I preached from Psalms 49 ; 15, to a crowded assembly. God helped me. Your mother and I have as much as we can bear, but we hope God will not forsake us, though he take our children from us. How vain are all things here below.

Poor J. with his seven children will, we hope, be helped by the arm of Jehovah which is everlasting strength. You will not forget them in your prayers to God. You have now no sister and your father and mother cannot be with you, but God is nigh at hand. May he abundantly bless you and carry you through all trials. There is infinite safety in trusting in him. He will be a rock of salvation to all who trust in him.

Let us be faithful and delay not in our master's business, performing the patience of hope and the labor of love and the work of faith, and soon he will say, sit down with me on my Father's throne. At what time we are afraid let us trust in God, give ourselves unto prayer in the name of our prevailing Advocate at the right hand of the Father above, and we shall not be forgotten or forsaken.

Our dearest friends are above. Let us not faint then, but confide in God and soon the days of our mourning will be ended.

Let us have an interest in your prayers during your protracted meeting. May God be there and bring all Wells to bow to the sceptre of his grace. Kiss little Charles and Eliza for us, and tell them about their motherless cousins.

That we may meet daily at the throne of grace and have a seat near the throne of glory at last, is the prayer of your afflicted father.

TAMWORTH, APRIL 12, 1839.

We are all in tolerable health by the blessing of our heavenly Father, and rejoice to hear from you by your affectionate epistle, for which we thank you, and continually pray that God will have you and your little ones in his holy keeping. Your father is old to preach every Sabbath three times, and three times during the week. Notwithstanding his age, the people seem willing to hear. We had a good meeting yesterday, our Fast-Day, having preaching in the morn-

ing and examination of candidates for admission into the church in the afternoon. The church also made arrangements for the Sabbath School and Bible Class ; also for monthly distribution of Tracts.

TAMWORTH, JULY 18, 1835.

Our days fly swiftly away and soon will be numbered and finished. What we do must be done quickly ; may it then be well done and we prepared to enter into that rest prepared for the people of God. May the God of Abraham bless you and give much of his grace to train up your family for him. I greatly rejoice in the way you have begun with them. Only go on and if your lives are continued and God's grace granted, you will fit them to stand and fight in the battle of the great day of God Almighty, which no doubt will be fought in their age. How awfully responsible are the duties of this age to the next generation. May they be suitably felt by those going off the stage and those in

the meridian of life. Thus prays your aged father.

To a young lady, a relative.

TAMWORTH, MAY 21, 1832.

Our Bible Class and Sabbath School flourish, and nothing is wanting but more vigorous effort on the part of professed Christians. It is enough to make one shudder to contemplate the blood of souls in the garments of the professed friends of the Lamb of God. I hope you, my dear, live very near to God and are much engaged in the cause of your dear Redeemer. He wants all his friends to labor in his cause. There is much for them to do, and he has engaged to help them perform it. This age is pregnant with most important events. The next will probably be in the midst of the battle of the great day of God Almighty. Satan and his cause will not fall without a struggle. Sin will not be banished from this world without a mighty effort. He, who died to

give the victory will lay hold on the great Dragon and chain him and cast him into the bottomless pit, by the hands of his servants and handmaids here on the earth. The next generation will be in the contest, and this generation must prepare them for it. Who can look upon the rising age in this view without the most lively and glowing emotions. What awful responsibilities rest on your age and those above you in years ! May old and young let these considerations have their full weight and power over all their contemplations and actions. The church and the world are now in commotion and preparation for the contest, whether satan or Jesus, shall triumph and reign. We know whose the victory will be, yet we must do all in our power to help it forward. If not permitted to be here to fight may we be in heaven to sing and shout the victory, " Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. He hath triumphed gloriously !"

To his grandson then at Bangor, Me, dated Sept. 26, 1835.

My dear grandson:—Although at a distance, you are not forgotten by your aged grandfather whose name you bear. I am deeply interested in all your concerns, and pray God to guide you in the path of holiness and grace. You, my dear child, have been devoted to God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in your baptism and are the son of many vows, prayers and tears of your mother who is now above and, perhaps, as a guardian angel, is often near you, watching your every act. I hope you find time to read your Bible and call on the God of heaven daily. You may go to him through the blood of the Redeemer and unbosom all your concerns without any reserve; and be assured he will not turn you away, but will hold communion with you and manifest himself to you as he does not to the world. He will have you in his holy keeping and give you that peace which the

world cannot give or take away. Be not afraid to go to God who has said, they who seek me early shall find me, and who is infinitely pleased with the dews of our youth. God began to call after you when very young and made divine impressions on your mind which, I hope, will never be forgotten, but result in your entire consecration to God, in time and to all eternity.

I heartily rejoice in the religious privileges you enjoy and pray that they may be a savor of life to your immortal soul. I beg of you not to neglect any of them. Take some part of the word of God into the shop with you every day. It will cheer your heart in the midst of the business of the day. There can be no greater enjoyment than intercourse with God by prayer and meditation upon his perfections as revealed in the Bible. I rejoice to hear of your commendable conduct hitherto and hope you will continue to conduct properly and remember that a fair character is the richest earthly

inheritance, and to form and maintain this we need the assistance of a merciful God. I hope you will be faithful to your employer. Be benevolent, kind and obliging to all with whom you may be connected. Remember of what immense advantage the good behavior of Joseph was, both to himself and others. You may have the same help from God as he. You have only to ask for it and you have it ; for he has said ask and you shall receive ; seek and you shall find ; knock and it shall be opened. O, what love and condescension in the great Jehovah ! Be sure then that you have the Redeemer of sinners for your bosom, your unchangeable friend. This is all you need.

You should remember that as our character is when we enter upon the active scenes of life, so it will generally be through life. This is an old proverb. I now remind you of it. Let it have its due influence in forming your character.

That God would bless you and spare

your life, enrich your soul with his grace and prepare you to be eminently useful in life, and prepare you for a happy eternity, is the daily prayer of your aged grandfather.

SAMUEL HIDDEN.

To his granddaughter.

TAMWORTH, AUG. 31, 1835.

As you are about to leave your father's house for a season and enter a public Seminary, I would address a few lines to you by way of precaution and advice.

You will remember, my dear, that you are the daughter of many prayers of a tender mother now in heaven, and of many friends now on earth, whose eyes are on you and whose expectations are raised concerning you, as they see your opening faculties approaching maturity. Their happiness is interwoven with the propriety of your conduct and the character you are forming and which they hope you will sustain through life. In order to be safe you will remem-

ber to put your trust in Christ to whom you were committed by a dying mother. He has been watching you every moment and waiting to receive your affections and prepare you for great usefulness here and for the enjoyment of himself above. He gives you liberty to come to him as your bosom, unchangeable friend, always present, ready and able to help you. He bids you welcome to himself. He allows you to commit all your concerns to him. He will never leave nor forsake you.

I beg you not to attempt any thing, not even your studies, without consulting him and imploring assistance. Your grandfather knows the benefit of this, by his own experience in his studies, and believes the blessed Redeemer is as able and willing to help his beloved granddaughter as he was to help himself; and he cannot bear to think that his dear E — should fail to receive the aid of such a friend as the Son of God. You will hold intercourse with him daily, and

carry all your cares and sorrows to him, relying on his goodness and faithfulness to perform all his promises in his word.

Never omit reading some portion of your Bible every day. In that Book you will find directions at all times and in all circumstances. You should remember that your Father in heaven is speaking to you every time you open this word ; and there is infinite safety in trusting in all which it declares. "There is more good grammar in the Bible than in any other book," says Mr. Murray. It contains the most correct history, the most sublime poetry and moving eloquence of any book ; and the correctness of its geography is established by all modern divines. In this Book only, is found the way of salvation for sinners. There is spread a boundless prospect of increasing felicity to every humble believer. O, then be intimately acquainted with your Bible. Make it your constant companion. It will speak to you

and converse at all times and make you wise unto salvation.

You will learn to take care of yourself and be obedient and respectful to your instructors and follow their directions in whatever they enjoin. This will endear you to them and benefit yourself.

Now may the God of all grace keep you as in the hollow of his hand ; furnish your mind with all needful science ; sanctify your soul by his Spirit ; keep you from all evil ; prepare you to do good and make you ready for his heavenly kingdom. This is the prayer of your aged grandfather.

SAMUEL HIDDEN."

To an afflicted Mother.

My Dear Madam ;

I have just received the melancholy intelligence of the death of your beloved child and take this opportunity to express the deep interest I feel in your affliction. I know how to sympathize with you. Death has taken

two of my own children. They are now in glory. The cup has been a bitter one, but my heavenly Father has enabled me to drink it, and I feel that it is good for me to be thus afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have learned to give up all into the hands of Jehovah. Our children belong to God, and has he not a right to his own? If I had put ten dollars into your hands and told you to take care of them until I called, should I not have a right to take them when I please? Thus our children are entrusted to us. We must take care of them and train them for heaven. We must hold them in readiness for the Saviour. Your little child was lent you, and God has now called for it. You loved your child, but Christ loved it more; he loved it more than you possibly could. He redeemed it by his blood and has now taken possession of his purchase, and he will deal with your child kindly. Already has he put into its little hands the harp of gold and a palm of victo-

ry. Then why should you lament that your daughter has gone to heaven? Would you be so selfish as to keep from Jesus Christ what was his own by purchase! No. I know you would not. Your child has now escaped the sorrows and pains of life. She sweetly sleeps in Jesus. Had she lived she would have been like yourself a woman of sorrows. Could she now speak, she would say, "weep not for me, my dear mother; I am happy. I am with Jesus the friend of sinners. He is my everlasting friend. Be patient a few years and then he will be so kind as to bring you to this happy place and here we will praise him together." Oh, we ought to rejoice when our friends are thus taken home to glory. In your affliction you will look to God for support, and remember that this was designed for your own good. You needed this chastisement. God knew what was for the best and how to make you a perfect person in Christ Jesus. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourg-

eth every son whom he receiveth ;” and you should remember that though “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous ; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” Yes, my dear sister, when we get into eternity we shall see the wisdom and goodness of God in thus removing from us those on whom we had placed our affections. Another precious promise is left on record for our consolation. “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.” Let this passage comfort you. You will not, you cannot distrust God. Mysterious as is this dispensation of Providence, you should bow submissive, feeling that God will do all things well. Carry your case to Jesus ; he can sympathize with you ; he can comfort. Your child is dead but Christ liveth.

You will find much support in prayer. This should be your business. Leave all in the hands of God, and soon you will go where your child is. It can never come to you, but you will go to it. Live then by faith on Jesus Christ, and repine not. I deeply sympathize with you, and pray God that you may be supported in this hour of affliction.

Yours affectionately.

To a gentleman who had recently buried his wife and seemed inconsolable.

My Dear Sir,

I have received your letter informing me that your dear wife is no more. She then, who slept in your bosom, now sleeps in death; her body is in the embrace of the tomb and you are left to weep, and as you say, you cannot be comforted. Now, brother, what am I to understand by this? You loved your wife as no one can doubt; but your wife has always been a sufferer and had she lived she must still have suffered and

Jesus Christ knew this, and to relieve her has taken her to himself, where she will be perfectly happy, and you cannot be reconciled at such an act ! Had she lived, it would have been a source of happiness to you, while she must have suffered. Had you not rather she would go to heaven ? And besides, whose was she ? who purchased her with blood ? who gave her to you ? Most certainly Jesus Christ. Then he has taken his own and you have no right to complain. You have great reason to be thankful that she was prepared to go into eternity. She was a devotedly pious wife, and she has only gone to glory to await your coming. Perhaps she now watches over you and sees your grief. Would it not be better for you to thank God for his mercy in taking her to his right hand instead of allowing her to live and suffer ? She now praises Jesus Christ for redeeming love and you should praise him also. Now instead of murmuring because she is taken from you,

you should endeavor to be prepared to meet her in heaven. It will be but a few days before you will go into eternity, and cannot you be willing that she should be absent a few days? You would not complain if she had gone to visit some earthly friend; and now she has gone to pay a visit to the King of kings and you think it very hard. Now, my dear sir, dry up your tears and trust in Christ and remember that this affliction is designed for your own good. God will not afflict men willingly; but sees that this is the best way to make them feel their dependance on him. He shows you by this affliction that you should trust in nothing which death can touch; and you profess to be sensible of this. Then why not now act the part of a Christian? Let your Christian principles prevail. If you are thus inconsolable will not the impenitent say your religion fails to support you in the hour of trial? Now, dear brother, seek help from God. Pray earnestly for divine assistance and

rouse yourself and be a consistent man. The Psalmist says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray ; but now have I kept thy word. It is good for me that I have been afflicted ; that I might know thy statutes. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Now you should view this affliction in the same light. You should feel that God has afflicted you in mercy. This should make you a better man, a more eminent Christian. But remember, brother, that to murmur against God is an awful sin. Oh brother, be strengthened, trust in Jesus Christ. Pray continually, and God will grant you help. Read the word of God and observe its promises, and let them strengthen you. Be assured that I fully sympathize with you in this affliction. I feel it to be a personal affliction. Your wife was a dear friend of mine. I deeply lament her loss, but death is her gain. She is rejoicing in glory, but you and I shall soon be there with her, and

then we shall be happy ; there will be no separation. Oh my brother, let us be prepared to follow your dear wife. This is the prayer of your friend.

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL HIDDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

Retrospect — His illness — Triumphant death.

Mr. Hidden had now (1832,) arrived at the age of seventy-two, and had labored forty years as a preacher of the gospel. He found Tamworth a wilderness, containing but forty legal voters, (one having died;) destitute of a church and house of worship. Under his influence a church was formed, and a convenient house of prayer erected, (the temporary pulpit of which he, with his own hands, constructed in a few hours,) education advanced and the town increased in population. He became the beloved of all and the prime mover of every moral and religious enterprise. Great success attended his labors. The revival of 1800, was a

signal display of divine mercy, which brought into the church those who were his support through the subsequent years of his eventful life. After this showers of grace were frequent and copious.

He now looked back upon the church, reared and cherished by his efforts and prayers, with deep interest. Those who welcomed him in 1792, and encouraged him amidst all his labors and trials were now silent in their graves. He could visit the spot which their ashes hallowed and let fall a tear, but their voices, as of yore, greeted him not. He had stood by their bed-side and prayed their spirits safe to the land of the just. He had preached their funeral sermons, exhorted the living to imitate their virtues and avoid their errors. And now he stands almost alone. As a faithful warrior, who has fought bravely while his companions have fallen, pauses to observe the issue of the battle, and finds himself alone amidst the slain ; so he stood amidst the

dead. He asked for the fathers, but the only reply was an echo, "Where are they?"

We have already remarked, most of his old friends slept, and a new race had risen up that "knew not Joseph." He saw that his influence was in some measure diminished. Many would have preferred a *new preacher* and a *younger man*; though nothing was openly said, yet he divined their feelings and was grieved. Still he labored, if possible, with increased zeal for the salvation of his hearers. His fortieth annual sermon was full of interest; in which he enumerated the various incidents which had occurred since his settlement, and contrasted the present state of the church and town with that of 1792. His text on this occasion was Deut. 8: 2, 3.

The opening of the year 1837, showed conclusively to the church that the Lord was about to take from them their spiritual guide.

On the fifteenth of January, of this year,

he preached his forty-fifth annual sermon. Just forty-five years ago this Sabbath he preached for the first time in Tamworth to a few souls in a private dwelling. And now he stands before his church and people to deliver to them the words of life. His race is almost run. He, who had led this church in the wilderness forty-five years, was now delivering the last message of Jehovah on the Sabbath. He had stood long between the living and the dead and prophesied in the name of the God of hosts. He preached this day with great zeal and fervor. He exhorted the Church to more diligence and greater exertion in the cause of Christ. His appeals to them were melting. He was almost overpowered by his emotions. "Now brethren," said he, "we must awake to duty and newness of life. We must be more faithful for Christ. We must love him more. We must serve him unreservedly. How is it? Will you consecrate yourselves entirely to Christ? Before another year rolls

round, I, in all probability, shall be laid in the grave. What account of you shall I carry to heaven? Shall I tell them there that you are all coming safe on your pilgrimage? Shall I tell them that you are fighting the fight of faith, led on by Jesus Christ, the great Conqueror? Oh, my brethren, shall we continue to live in this cold state? Now, arise, come, let us shake off slumber and watch the coming of the Bridegroom. He will be here soon and we must enter to the marriage supper of the Lamb, or be shut out forever! God Almighty grant to awaken you to a sense of duty and preserve you unto the end.

And now, my impenitent hearers, I must once more warn you of your danger and exhort you to immediate repentance. You have been invited to come to Christ, Sabbath after Sabbath, and yet you are unreconciled to God! Can I present any new consideration or urge you with more fervor? I tell you that except ye be born again you

can never see the kingdom of God. Will you remain hardened in sin and die ungodly? Oh, I tremble for your souls. You are in danger of eternal damnation, and yet you seem indifferent! If your houses were on fire you would not be indifferent. But now you are exposed to the fire that shall never be quenched and you fold your hands and desire to sleep on. Oh now seek help from God. Call upon him while he is near. He will yet save you and make you the trophies of his grace.”

Thus he addressed his church and people on the last Sabbath, he was allowed to preach in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Up to this time he had continued to preach three sermons every Sabbath and lecture in three different parts of the town during the week. After this he was called to preach two funeral sermons. He had sometimes walked a mile to visit one of these individuals. She was a pious woman, and he delighted to converse with her about heaven. Being

asked why he visited her so often when he was so feeble, "Oh," said he, "I am paid every time I visit her by her heavenly conversation!" The day before her death he said to her, "I shall never probably see you living after to-day. When you get to heaven tell Jesus Christ I am coming. I shall soon meet you there." At her funeral after having addressed others, he said, "now I am going to address myself. I am now an old man and perhaps it is the last time I shall enter this sacred desk. My health is feeble and death is making his ravages in the midst of us. I feel that I shall live but a short time. There is but a step between me and eternity and I, who have so often exhorted others to prepare for death, may well exhort myself to prepare for the same solemn event. I would therefore endeavor to feel that death is nigh, and that soon I must stand at the judgment seat of Christ. Oh, my hearers, we shall all be there soon, every one of us must give an account to God; I, how I have

preached and you how you have heard. The grave to-day will close over one of your fellow creatures and before another week shall roll round, who of us shall be here in our coffin? Death is cutting down the old and the young; we are all going. Let us be prepared for death; be prepared to meet in heaven this sister and others who have gone before us." Said he to one after the services were past, "I never felt before that I was so near eternity. I can almost look beyond the veil! I am going now; my work is about finished and I must commend this Church and people to God."

Though his outward man failed, yet his inward man was renewed day by day. "The spirit continued willing" long after the "flesh failed." He labored with unusual zeal; he felt that what remained to be effected must be done soon. He labored incessantly to advance christians in the spiritual life, and to induce the ungodly to immediate repentance. Never did men feel the

power of truth more sensibly. He spoke out of the abundance of a pious heart. He often gave vent to the emotions which struggled in his bosom, by warm appeals to the conscience. He endeavored to render christians more sensible of their accountability to God as redeemed sinners, and of the right which Christ had to expect their entire consecration to his service. The truth was applied with unusual adaptedness to circumstances. He made his congregation feel that he was the ambassador of the Lord Almighty. This gave energy to his words. His language was inspiration.

January 20, 1837. (Tuesday.) Having been feeble for some days. Mr. Hidden was seized with the lung fever. "Well," said he to his wife, "the time of my departure is at hand. I had hoped to have preached once more, and more faithfully have warned the impenitent of their danger." She expressing a hope that he would soon recover, "Do not have any hope about it.

Let God do just as he pleases. He knows what to do with us best." A member of the church remarking that sickness was an affliction, "It is no affliction at all," replied he. "What is a fever compared with the sufferings of Jesus Christ! I lay here suffering a little and think a great calamity has befallen, when Christ suffered ten thousand times more than all we *ever* suffered! We ought not to think so much about a little pain. We ought to think more of the agony in the garden and that will assuage our distress. I have always tried in all my visits to the sick to make them forget themselves and think of Jesus. The martyrs in the very flames were happy and sung praises to God. Oh think of Stephen; while the stones were pelting against his head, he looked right up into heaven, and saw Jesus on the throne. He did not stop and cry out, "O, how you bruise my body! I am suffering excruciating pain!" Do you think Paul and Silas talked about their afflictions in

prison? Certainly not, if they had the angel would never have loosed them from their stocks and brought them out of it." I once visited a man in great distress and he constantly complained of his pain and said he could not see why it was that God made him suffer so much. Why, said I to him, God is doing with you just as you would deal with one of your children; if after you had punished a little child he continued to whine and complain you would whip him until he was silent. Just so God will make his people suffer until they feel to say, I will be quiet."

Jan. 21. Wednesday. His fever being mild, he received visitors and conversed freely with them. A member of the church remarked to him that since he was so far advanced in life it was doubtful if he recovered, "Yes," replied he, "I am old, but then it will make but little difference in the time I shall have to spend with Jesus. And I have had fair sailing for a long time.

Christ is a glorious pilot ; with him I have outrode the storms of life thus far. Now and then a storm has arisen which threatened to overwhelm my frail bark, but he has always whispered, "Peace, be still, and there was a calm." So it will be until I arrive at the port above. I recollect visiting Mr. G. once and found him in Bunyan's Slough of Despond. He seemed to be up to his chin in mud ; but I was satisfied that he was a pious man. Well said I, you are sinking fast ; take care that you don't let the water run into your mouth and thus be strangled. I told him he was just like Peter, for only a short time since he was all faith. The poor man sighed and groaned and said he believed he should die, and he feared he was not prepared for death. I told him to pray for Christ's assistance ; for he was just behind a little fog. So I prayed with him and he prayed also, "There," said he, "the fog is blown away ; I see Jesus walking on the sea. All is calm now ;" and the good man

went out of the world rejoicing. As for myself I have lived about long enough, I should think from present appearances, for God seems to be taking down this building to remove me to another, and a much better house. There will be no fevers there."

Jan. 22. (Thursday.) Nothing alarming hitherto had been apprehended by his physician. The symptoms were rather favorable though less so to-day. The members of the church called on him but he was not quite so free in conversation as usual. He seemed solicitous for the church and exhorted those present to constant prayer and more diligence.

Jan. 13. (Friday.) This day he was delirious. His fever was more violent. In the afternoon he requested his son William, to "bring him *Nehemiah*," meaning the Bible. He caught the Bible and clasped it to his bosom with much emotion and offered to God a most fervent prayer for the restoration of the Jews; another for his own

church and people. This latter prayer was of great length and importunate. He offered a third prayer for the pastor who should succeed him, a fourth for his family.

Jan. 24. He continued about as yesterday, his mind wandered. The church were apprehensive that this sickness would remove "from their head their master."

Jan. 25. (Sabbath.) This morning his reason returned and, though much exhausted, conversed freely with the members of his family. His son's children were presented to him, whom he addressed very feelingly. He requested them to read the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis. They did so, "and now" said he "my little children, I want you to love Jesus Christ. You have been consecrated to him in baptism, and now give your hearts to him. I am going to leave you soon, but if you love your Saviour you will come where I am going. You must not forget to pray and Christ will help you ; trust in him ; he will never forsake you.

Suppose some stranger should come and tell you that if you would love him he would make you rich and happy, would you not love him? Now Jesus Christ promises everlasting joy at his right hand, if you will but love him. And more than this, he has shed his blood for you; he died on the cross and his hands and feet were nailed to the wood and his side was pierced, and even now he says, "come unto me!" yes, he will take you into his arms and sustain you through life and finally bring you to heaven, if you will obey and love him, read his word and pray to him every day."

After this, other grand children were presented whom he in like manner addressed and commended to Christ.

In the afternoon after some refreshing sleep, he roused up and said to his son William, "Come, we ought to have a meeting to-day; we should not spend the Sabbath so; call them all in, and we will have a sermon." The room was soon filled and

having called for his Bible, Hymn Book and glasses, he selected his hymns and text, sung and offered prayer. He then preached from John 18 ; 9. "Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none." His sermon was practical and impressive. He directed most of his remarks to professors of religion. It should be remarked here that his preaching and exhortations were generally to an uncommon extent directed to professors of religion. 'Towards them particularly, if in a languid and unbelieving state, he used great plainness of speech. It was with exceeding difficulty that persons of that class could listen to his appeals unmoved. They must either return from their wandering and become efficient co-workers with Christ, or withdraw beyond the reach of his voice. He had formed a high standard of personal holiness. He looked on professing Christians as those who ought to be the "salt of the earth, and the light of the world." He knew that upon them, with the aid of the

Holy Spirit, the salvation of the world was depending.' This day he addressed them with great fervency. He warned them of the dangers to which they were exposed and the disgrace which they would bring upon the cause of Christ by any sin. "I exhort you," said he, "to stand fast in the Lord. Yield to no temptation. Give satan no advantage over you; keep yourselves unspotted from the world. This is the last time I shall ever address you. I am going into eternity and commend you to the great Shepherd of souls, him whom I have served these more than forty-five years. I commend to him this church which I have cherished with prayers and tears and am now to leave for the church triumphant. I have watched over you with a father's care. I have fed you with knowledge and understanding. I have aimed to make you perfect men in Christ Jesus. I have preached the doctrine of the cross plainly and have kept back nothing of the word of God. I

call you to witness that I have warned and entreated day and night from my first coming among you. I call God to witness that I have coveted no man's wealth but have labored with my own hands, that I might not be burdensome. I have watched for your souls as one that must give account. I have the testimony of my conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom but by the grace of God I have lived and labored among you. Many souls has God given me and none of them have I lost. When we all get to heaven there will be a great family of us to bow before Jesus Christ and to ascribe the glory of our salvation to him who has washed us in his blood. My brethren, do be faithful after I am gone."

These are a few remarks he is remembered to have made. Notwithstanding the feeble state of his body, he occupied in this service an hour and a quarter; but instead of exhausting him it seemed to revive. His

utterance was easier and his articulation more distinct. The following day he had no recollection of what we have just recorded.

Jan. 26. (Monday.) He was much distressed from hard respiration, and in the evening was thought dying from suffocation.

Jan. 27. (Tuesday.) After the struggle of last night he found himself this day more comfortable. His respiration was comparatively easy, and his usual animation of spirits returned. A member of his church being present and congratulating him on the prospect of recovery, "Yes," said he, "death is kept at bay a long time. I may conquer yet, though I almost thought I had got just over the dark valley. I do not think it looked so forbidding to me as it did to Bunyan's Christian. I have assisted so many over this valley that I am quite familiar with the way. I recollect the compliment, Dea. M. paid me just before he died. He had a few doubts, but I endeavored to clear them all

away and prayed with him. "Well," said he, "I am fearless now for you are John Bunyan's Great Heart and will conduct safely to the Celestial City. I am now in the land of Beulah." Thus he went home to glory."

He talked much about the church, regretted that they had had no preaching the last Sabbath and hoped, if it was God's will, he might be able to preach to them again.

Jan. 28. (Wednesday.) He continued to recover. A female member of his church called to see him. "You remind me of Bunyan's Christiana. Her husband commenced pilgrimage and arrived at the Celestial City before his wife would consent to commence ; so your husband became pious and went home to glory, and then you started after him, and here you are, on your way. I am glad to see you. Don't be afraid of the lions, or giants by the way. Your husband and I shall be ready to meet you in glory. God has seen fit to spare me thus

long though I have been an unprofitable servant. O, I feel to ask forgiveness every moment. My heart is very treacherous. I can look upon nothing I have done with the slightest satisfaction. I am ashamed of every action. Christ is my only hope.

February 1. (Thursday.) Several professed Christians called on him, to whom he said, I rejoice to see you, brethren, for I want to tell you how I feel in regard to the doctrines of the Bible, yet I cannot find language adequate to the description. They seem more lovely than ever. To say that the Bible has brought life and immortality to light is all I can say ; but it does not express half I feel. The attributes of Jehovah appear lovely, glorious. It seems unaccountable that Christians do not love to meditate more on these. My faith was never so strong in all the doctrines I have preached as at this time, and were I to preach as many more sermons as I have, I believe more souls would be saved thereby. I have

sometimes been afraid that some thought I did not believe what I preached ; but if I could preach now I think I could convince them of my sincerity. I tell you, brethren, when you get where you can just look through the veil, the awful reality of God's truth will be felt.

Being asked if heaven seemed to his mind more glorious, he said, " Yes, a thousand times more glorious. How can it be otherwise, so long as Jesus Christ is there ? He would make any place happy. I am afraid many live without any very distinct idea of heaven. They seem to think it rather desirable, upon the whole, to get there, but they are not ravished with the thoughts of heaven. Some seem so well satisfied with this world, as to be willing to remain here forever. But we ought to feel that heaven is worth striving for, and worth our burning all our life long at the stake. We become so engrossed with the cares of this world that we forget the future and here we stay indif-

ferent to an eternity of unspeakable joy. I wish we were more spiritually minded."

Feb. 2. (Friday.) He expressed his anxiety for the church. To a brother present he said, "I fear the church will become indifferent to religious things. When they have no one to preach they ought to be more prayerful. I fear when the Shepherd is taken away the flock will be scattered. I have spoiled this church by doing so much for them ; no other man will be found who will be *able to labor* so much as I have. But all I can do is to pray for you. I leave you in the hands of Christ. Try to induce the church to continue in prayer to God."

Feb. 3. (Saturday.) His health continued to improve and he was able to sit up some hours during the day.

Feb. 4 ; (Sabbath.) He expressed a great desire to preach. "O nothing can wean me from my people ; they are a part of myself." Some of the members of his church called, to whom he said, "I have not

been permitted to attend church to-day, but it has been a precious season to my soul. Christ has manifested himself to me in an unusual manner. I have had a delightful season in prayer. I have been praying for this church, and I believe God will answer my prayer. Now, brethren, do endeavor to live more to the glory of God. Christians are apt to be too worldly. If they loved Jesus Christ as much as their farms, this world would speedily become the Paradise of God. What is this world compared with the glory of Christ? When you come to stand on the confines of eternity the world will sink into its proper insignificance. O, how worthless it seems to me! I have done with the world; the few remaining days of my life I shall spend in communing with heaven. I wish I could make Christians feel the importance of a higher standard of holiness."

To one regretting that his health had not allowed him to preach that day, he said,

“ We ought to be thankful that we can enjoy the Sabbath if we can have no preaching. We can read the Bible and *there* is preaching enough if we will only attend to it. Christ preaches plain doctrines. I have often thought that if I were cast upon an uninhabited island and could have my Bible, I would not complain ; I would make every day a Sabbath. But then I do not think I should be quite happy, for I should want every body to praise him.”

To a member of the church he said in the evening, “ Well, brother, how have you enjoyed the Sabbath ? I thought of you to-day and desired to know how you felt. I want you to be faithful in the cause of Christ. Tell your children much about Jesus that they may love him. Parents are too apt to delay making religious impressions upon the minds of their children until they become corrupted with sin. They think them unable to love Jesus Christ until they are almost men and women. This is a great

mistake ; little children can very early be made to feel that they are sinners and need washing in the blood of Christ. They are easily affected at the story of the cross, and they will love the Saviour for his great kindness. I have known children quite young to die believing on Jesus, giving him glory. "O," said a child five years old to me, "I love Jesus more than my father or mother and am going to dwell with him in that happy place you told me about." And to her mother, 'Do not weep for me, for I shall soon be happy with Jesus and you will come soon, for I have heard you pray to him, and I know he will bring you where I am going.'

Now christians ought to be encouraged and teach their children to read the Bible and to pray over it and when they die they will go to heaven. You should tell your children about little Samuel and young Timothy; teach them to read the history of Joseph and, above all, the history of Jesus Christ."

Towards evening he rose and dressed himself being very comfortable and symptoms quite favorable.

Feb. 5. (Monday.) Early this morning, Mr. Hidden was seized with the Typhus Feèver and Hickups. It was now apparent to all that this would be his last sickness. He had become much debilitated and nature was wearing out.

Feb. 6, 7. He continued to fail physically but his intellect brightened and his spiritual joys increased as he approached the grave. Being asked if his mind enjoyed continued peace, "Peace! yes it passeth all understanding. I am so happy that if my joy increases as it has some days past it will be insupportable. The view of the 'Celestial City' which I continually enjoy is delightful! Delightful! no; that will not half express it. It is indescribable; more than glorious!"

To his wife he said, "You can have no idea of my joys. If I am to be happier in

heaven than I am now, my capacity for enjoyment must be greatly increased. A moment like this is worth a whole life of suffering. I never imagined such enjoyment."

Feb. 8. (Thursday.) He addressed his wife and children and others present in an affecting manner. To his second son he said, "George! George! What shall I say? I must now leave you in your sins! The thought almost breaks my heart! This is the last time I shall warn you of your danger. You can yet be saved by believing on Jesus Christ. He has been merciful to you in not cutting you off in your rebellion against him. He still waits to be gracious; his hand is stretched out and his blood is ready to wash your soul. O George! George! My son, my son! can you resist such love? Can you crucify continually that Saviour? Seek help of him and lead a new life. Your soul is precious. Must I be forever separated from you! God forbid. No! You must

believe on Jesus Christ and be saved. I commend you to him."

To some members of his church he said, "I can say to you as did Paul, Behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of forty-five years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I am willing to trust you in the hands of Jesus. Before long I trust to meet a great company of you in the church triumphant."

To a young Christian he said "Now, set your standard of piety high ; do not be satisfied with living like most Christians. Be

more humble and devoted. A humble Christian is the loveliest object in the sight of heaven. Humility so becomes us that I wonder we are not more desirous of being clothed with it, as with a garment. O how hateful a proud heart must be in the sight of heaven! What has the Christian to be proud of but the death of Christ? Nothing. He may boast of this, but he should bow down in the dust in view of himself." Being asked by Mrs. Hidden if he was in pain, "Pain! pain! What, in pain when going to heaven? going where Jesus is? I know nothing about pain. If you were going to visit some dear friend do you think you could feel pain? I am going to see Jesus and I am happy. Yes I can sing of grace. I am sustained by infinite Power. God's promises are sure. They never fail. It is wonderful that a being so sinful and unworthy as I am should be permitted to experience such happy hours. Christ died in unspeakable anguish. He bowed his blessed

head, and gave up the ghost on the cruel cross, but not a wave of trouble rolls across my breast.

‘Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breath my life out sweetly there.’

Yes, I lean my head on his breast and all is peace. O, it is a blessed thing to trust entirely in Christ for support. I have no will of my own ; his will is mine, and I yield submissive and find he is present. This promise of God is wonderfully verified, and O, how precious it is to my soul ! ‘Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’ The days of my mourning are ended and my sun does not decline. Jesus grants me light enough.”

Feb. 9. (Friday.) Notwithstanding the

certainly that he must soon be in eternity, pleasantry would occasionally exhibit itself in his expressions.

To his eldest son's wife presenting him some gruel, and saying she wished him to take it for it was very good, he said, "Well, I will say of your gruel as Mr. C — said of my preaching, it is the best of the kind."

An aged member of the church coming into the room, he said, "I am glad to see you, brother Mason. To look upon you seems like seeing the old Apostle Paul. Come, brother, pray with us."

After the prayer he said, "Well, we have prayed together a great many times, and soon we will praise together. Just see the wisdom of God in this; first we must pray and then praise. This is the way I have found it through my whole life; when I have been in trouble and doubt, I have always prayed and soon all was joy. We cannot prize the privilege of prayer half highly enough. If we knew the value of pray-

er, we should pray every moment. Christians first lose their love for Christ and then leave off praying, so that when you find a man who does not pray you will find a man that does not love. You never knew one to abandon the throne of grace until Christ was abandoned from his heart. When you have rudely forced your best friend out of your house, you will not ask a favor of him or desire to commune with him. Just so the Christian cannot pray to Jesus after he has thrust him from his heart, nor will he desire to hold communion with him. I wish Christians would think more of this. They do not seem to realize that Christ is in their souls only while they enjoy a spirit of prayer. We *must pray* if we would *enjoy*. You have found this so by experience." Being asked if he desired to recover, he said, I have no desire about it. If I live, blessed be God, and if I die, glory to God. It is a blessed thing to lose our will and let Christ do as he sees best. If for me to live would most

advance the cause of the Redeemer, I wish to live ; but if to die is his will, then it is my gain."

He felt that ' man in his blindness, may mark out the destinies of his fellow-man, but it is the Creator alone who knows what is meet for the creature he has made. He plants the lily by the stream—the rose in the valley—and bay on the hill-side ; there they bloom for *his* glory,

“ Whose breath perfumes them,
And whose pencil paints.”

He felt that God knew infinitely better what was for his glory than himself. Said he, “ as God wills so I will. He does all things right.” Men would not fear to die if they had implicit confidence in Christ. I have visited Christians just like Bunyan's “ Mr. Despondency” and his daughter “ Much-afraid.” When they are just to cross the river they begin to take courage though they have been troublesome through all their

pilgrimage. Let Christians rely on Jesus and they will have no despondency all their life long, and will be fearless of death. Christians should live so as to be ready to go whenever they are summoned. But this they can never do so long as they have a will of their own. O, it is a blessed thing to be one with Christ in all things."

Feb. 10. (Saturday.) Early in the morning he commenced singing the songs of Zion in which he had always delighted. He requested the members of the choir belonging to the congregation and all present to unite with him in this delightful exercise. He selected and sung the hymn commencing,

" I'll praise my Maker with my breath ;"

also the hymn, " Lo ! he comes ! with clouds descending ;" and some of the most ravishing Anthems, and Psalms such as " Lift up your stately heads, ye doors !" " Make a joyful noise unto the Lord ;" " O

come let us sing unto the Lord ;”—“ Lift up your heads, eternal gates.”

He continued through almost the entire day to sing in angelic strains, notwithstanding the weakness of his body. Prayers were occasionally offered in which he joined with deep interest.”

Feb. 11. (Sabbath.) His spiritual joys continued to increase. Mrs. Hidden saying to him that she was afraid it would injure him to sing so much, he replied, “ I probably shall not be tired singing when I get to heaven, and why should I not sing now ? This is heaven begun. I cannot refrain singing. I am a Christian ; and should I not praise God ? I am redeemed by the blood of Jesus ; and should I not give him glory ? I am an heir of glory ; and should I not shout aloud ? I am going to heaven and shall I not rejoice ? I shall through all eternity sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying, ‘ Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb,’ and

shall I be silent now ? No ; while I have breath I will sing. I know my Redeemer liveth and I will triumph in his resurrection. If I am going to the abodes of the blessed, ought I not to become familiar with their employment ?”

He requested one to read the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians, and as the tenth verse was read, “ Yes,” interrupted he, “ by the grace of God *I* am what I am.” He seemed filled with the liveliest emotions during the reading of the whole chapter, but when the latter part was heard, he exclaimed, raising his hands to heaven, “ Death is swallowed up in victory ! O death, where is thy sting ? O grave where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O, sweet consolation ! Glorious hope ! Shout it angels. Let it ring through all the arches of heaven—“ Death is swallowed up in victory !” Come, let us sing. We must not be silent. This place is almost

heaven." He desired a clergyman, who was about to offer prayer, to read the twenty-third Psalm; "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," &c.; also the ninety-first; "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty, &c." "These are sweet portions of God's words," he remarked; "I have feasted upon them many years."

February 12. (Monday.) Being asked how heaven now appeared to him he replied, "O glorious! inexpressibly glorious! I am almost there. The sight is almost too dazzling for flesh and blood. Jesus Christ is more lovely than ever. I am ravished with the view!" He then sung with a countenance all radiant with extatic joy the hymn commencing,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!"

His joy seemed complete. No language

can adequately describe the scenes of this day. His soul struggled for release from clay, to expand itself and mount to the bosom of God. To one saying to him that his joy seemed complete, he exclaimed, "Complete ! yes it is more than full ; it runs over. My soul has not room enough here. It wants to fly. It seems like a bird entangled in the snare of the fowler. It will be released soon ; for heaven seems open, and I catch the strains of angels. They are waiting to welcome me to heaven. O glorious sight ! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

'Haste my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.'

Ah, I see him ! He comes ! He comes !
This vision is transporting. It is dazzling.
How wonderful it is that one so unworthy
should enjoy such a moment as this. It is

because Jesus has died and ascended to heaven. Come, let us sing with our last breath his love. Sing, brethren, do sing." Then he sung with lively emotions,

"Angels, roll the rock away !

Death, yield up thy mighty prey," &c.

To a clergyman who had sung with him until he was quite exhausted, he said, "Come, are you tired singing ? You *must* sing." He desired that the ninety-sixth Psalm, "O sing unto the Lord a new song ; sing unto the Lord all the earth," might be read ; also the one hundredth, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands ;" and the one hundred and third, "Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

After a short sleep he awoke exclaiming, "Victory ! Glory ! He comes ! He comes !" He then commenced singing. Just before his death he said to his eldest son, "Just

draw back the veil, and I am there," and while the words,

"Angels, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey,"

escaped his lips, the spirit took its triumphant flight to heaven, February 13, at one o'clock in the morning.

"So farewell,
Leader in Israel!—thou whose radiant path
Was like the angel's standing in the sun,
Undazzled and unswerving—it was meet
That thou shouldst rise to light without a cloud."

On the following Wednesday, the funeral services were attended by a large concourse of people. Rev. Mr. Dodge of Moultonborough preached on the occasion. His body was interred in the burying ground near the Meeting-house, amidst the great congregation of the dead, whom he had seen there consigned.

A monument was erected, partly by the

Church and partly by his eldest son, consisting of a slab of white marble, mounted upon six granite pillars, bearing the following inscription :

“ Rev. Samuel Hidden, died Feb. 13, 1837, aged 77 years, and in the 46 year of his ministry. He was born at Rowley, Mass. Feb. 22, 1760. Graduated at Dartmouth College in August, and licensed to preach in Oct. 1791. Ordained upon a rock, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Tamworth, to which were added during his ministry 503. As a Christian, he was meek and humble, active, faithful, and devoted, with a heart and hand of expansive benevolence and hospitality. He was a pattern of literature, the friend and instructor of youth, and through life a distinguished lover of sacred music. In preaching the gospel his promptness, zeal, plainness, happy illustrations, and meltings of his heart for immortal souls rendered him beloved and respected by all. His long day was literally and cheer-

fully spent in the service of his Lord and Master, and the hope of being soon with his Saviour God, inspired his triumphant exclamation in death, "Just draw back the veil, and I am there," and tuned his enchanting lyre for his last song,

"Angels, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey."

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in
the first resurrection."

APPENDIX.

The letters from which the following extracts have been taken, owing to circumstances over which Rev. Mr. Price, to whom they were addressed, had no control, were not received until most of the preceding pages went to press. For that reason they are here inserted. Mr. Hidden married a sister of Mr. Price.

In answer to Mr. Price's letter informing him of his call to settle in the ministry at Belfast, Me., he writes,

“TAMWORTH, OCT. 29, 1796.

“As to your settling with the people at Belfast, I have not a word to say, either *pro* or *con*, only that where you may be most useful, there I hope you may be settled by

divine Providence. God's word and spirit, together with your own conscience, will afford direction in so important affair.

We have had some sweet and delightful meetings of late in our neighborhood. These are refreshing to drooping souls. I rejoice to hear of God's work at the east. May it go to the west, south and north, even to the utmost bounds of the earth."

" APRIL 11, 1797.

Dear Brother,—I received your epistle with joy. We were glad to hear of your return to your people with safety. How rich are the bounties of Providence! Let us praise his name and rejoice together. I hope he will carry us through all our trials and present us before his throne without spot and blameless.

You desired me to inform you how it was with Capt. G. in his last hours. There was no alteration in his mind after you saw him.

He was forty-eight hours in the agonies of death.

His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulses faint and few ;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bade the world adieu.

May his last agonies never be effaced from my memory. I have lost a valuable friend and the town a worthy citizen. How uncertain are all sublunary joys ! May we who preach then so, realize these things so as to meet our people at God's awful tribunal with an approving conscience and the smiles of our Judge."

"MAY 6, 1797.

I have just finished my sermons and now steal this moment to write you, my brother. Saturdays and Sabbaths are the happiest days I enjoy. A great dignity is put on us to speak in the name of the great Jehovah to those who are candidates for eternity.

May the Lord make us wise as serpents and harmless as doves. We need the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the piety of David and the humility of Paul rightly to discharge our calling. But God is able to help us and the cause is his own."

"SEPT. 2, 1797.

May God grant us grace to stand in this evil day. It is a time of great declension here. The call is loud for the ministers of the Lord Jesus to be faithful in giving warning, in order to free themselves from blood-guiltiness. To-morrow our Sacrament will be administered, and I hope we shall feel the influence of your prayers. Night before last we had a heavenly interview at Dea. Eastman's. I remember but one more delightful in all my life. What matchless condescension to vouchsafe to visit such worthless creatures! How precious are such foretastes of the joys above. What would saints, and ministers especially, do

without them. May God ever grant such seasons whenever we begin to feel faint and our spirits droop.”

Written after great afflictions.

“ MARCH 20, 1798.

God has supported me through a fatiguing winter, pregnant with trials in my own family and with those incident to the ministry. He has also kept me from sinking under the weight of my own corruptions. Join with me, my dear brother, in praising his holy name.

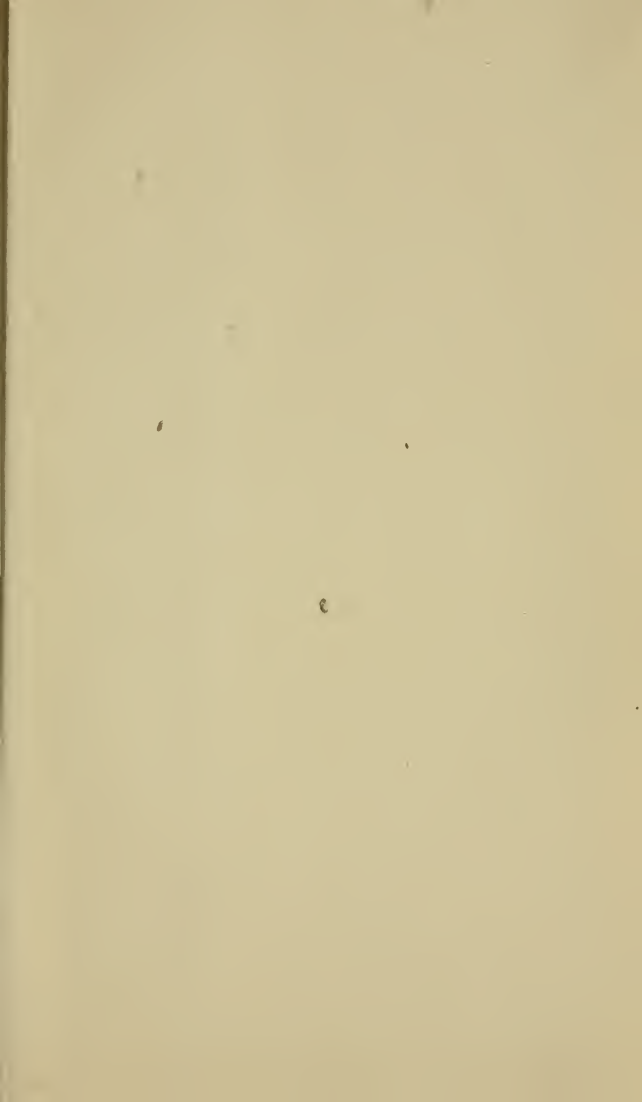
You and I are engaged in the same great cause which requires the utmost exertion of every power and faculty of our being as well as the powerful energies of divine grace. The farther we progress in this our calling, I imagine, we shall see more of the depravity of the human heart, the stratagems of Satan, and the absolute necessity of an entire dependance on the aid of God’s grace.

Our business is a self-denying employment ; but this we find true, viz : that the most self-denying duties, when rightly performed, afford the most exquisite pleasure. Hence the greatest encouragement to persevere and keep constantly in view Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself lest we be faint in our minds. Let us see that we have those qualifications which give a title to that promise, ‘ Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world ! ’ This will support us in the darkest hour and though Israel be not gathered, yet shall we be glorious in the eyes of the Lord. Let us then be faithful and endure hardness as good soldiers, and fight the good fight and keep the faith, for our labor is not in vain in the Lord. May the great Head of the Church endow you with every ministerial gift and cause you to shine with peculiar lustre in the candlestick where you are placed and crown your labors with great success.”

“TAMWORTH, APRIL 19, 1800.

God has wrought wonders among us in the course of the past winter. We have had the greatest number of conversions according to the number of inhabitants, and the work has been the most rapid and regular of any I ever experienced. We have received into the church, with those who are now candidates, one hundred since last January. There are many more who, I hope, have received grace. You see what blessings we have received and how great are our obligations to God. You can easily imagine our situation and will devoutly pray for the continuance of the Spirit to perfect what he has begun here. I am, myself almost astonished at the display of divine grace. Blessed be God for the Sheep and Lambs he has brought into his fold. All things are in *his* hands. He will keep what belongs to him by his mighty power through faith unto salvation.”

184







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 065 058 4

